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EUROPEAN TRASH CINEMA



VOLUME TWO NUMBER TWO THREE DOLLARS

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PICTURED FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: CRAIG LIEBHABER, EDUARDO (PIWI) CELONILO, POMPAÑO JOE TORRES, AND DAVID TOCARELLO

BEST SELECTION IN FLORIDA

european trash cinema

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COVER THIS ISSUE

A TENDER SCENE FROM ANTONIO

MARGHERITI'S INVASION OF THE FLESH

HUNTERS AS RENDERED BY

STEVE BISSETTE.

SPECIAL THANKS

STEVE BISSETTE, MIKE FERGUSON

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EDITORIAL

If you've noticed lately, Euro-genre films and film-makers are getting a lot more coverage, both in the fan and glossy publications. Part of this is due to the fact that a lot of fans are getting real bored with the U.S. film scene. After you have seen all the sequels, the shot-on-video atrocities, the big budget sleaze you realize everyone is stuck in neutral. So you start looking elsewhere, overseas for instance, for something different. This leads to the second reason for more Euro-late coverage: These films are showing up and being seen on the underground circuit. I applaud the fact that this stuff is being viewed, but it chaps my ass a bit when certain 'Big Name Writers' come across like they are the true 'beaters of the light'. What most folks don't realize is that an awful lot of these films are gaining circulation due to the efforts of Tom Weisser, ETC's humble publisher. Tom has supplied myself, Chas. Balun, Barry Kaufman, Tim Lucas and others with these films and without Tom's fanaticism and dedication, a lot of genre publications would be the poorer for it. Tom's too modest to accept any credit for this (and when you see NAKEDISCREAMING!TERROR! 4/5 you'll discover he's doing the same thing for Oriental Trash Cinema), but because Tom is one of the best friends I have, I wanted you to know. The next time you see myself or Chas. Balun refer to all the wonders you can find in ethnic video stores, just remember that it was probably Tom Weisser doing all the behind-the-scenes sleuthing to make us look good.

ADIOS



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EUROPEAN TRASH COMMENTS

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The following are spelling corrections to your listing of Joe D'Amato films in Vol 2 #1.

PUGNI, PIRATI E KARATE
NOVELLE LICENZIOSE DI VERGINI VOGLIOSE
EROI ALL'INFERNO
GIUBBE ROSSE
VOTO DI CASTITA
IMMAGINI DI UN CONVENTO
LE NINFORMANE
LABBRE VOGLIOSE
IL CALDO PROFUMO DI UNA VERGINE
LE PORNO INVESTIGATRICI
ATOR L'INVINCIBILE
CALIGOLA . . . LA STORIA MAI RACCONTATA
DELIZIE EROTICHE

Title translation errors:

DELIZIE EROTICHE - EROTIC DELIGHTS, not
DELICIOUS EROTICISM
LUSSURIA - LUST, not LUXURY

Additions:

1979 - LE PORNO LIBIDINI DI JUSTINE (supervision
only)
1982 - MESSALINA-ORGASMO IMPERIALE ("Oliver J
Clerke")
1986 - DELIZIA ("Dario Donati")
LA MONACA NEL PECCATO ("Dario Donati")
1988 - DIRTY LOVE (Joe D'Amato)

"Alan W. Coole's" is a pseudonym for Mario Bianchi.
EMANUELLE IN THE COUNTRY/COUNTRY NURSE is
his 1980 production CORNETTI A COLAZIONE

Honorio Higuchi
Quincy, MA

ETC seems to go hand in hand with VIDEO WATCHDOG,
they both compliment each other, like a genetic bible for
all you oidas who've flipped your wigs, since switching to
only Euro-ficks . . . Here's what makes ETC great; it's
the genuine, misguided loyalty and love on show, especially
the great piece by Pompano Joe Torrez - that was a fun
thing to read . . . What a collection of enthusiastic writers
you have - the creme de la creme - or something close
Steve Bessette writes a review of a film that's been
reviewed in every publication, yet manages to add a fresh
perspective and enough trivia to make it all seem
worthwhile . . . The new ETC is a landmark step in
spreading the word about Eurocinema

Art Timpan
Auckland, NZ

Having received the first "new" ETC I feel compelled to
let you know that your publication joins a handful of others
as one that will regularly irritate and infuriate me. In fact,
I am inclined to view it as almost a waste of my money. I
read it cover to cover in one sitting and find myself
staring for more. What kind of pleasure is there in that?
There are points I disagree with. It wouldn't be a farfame
if there weren't. I continue to be a supporter of Lucio
Fulci. I think his THE BEYOND can stand beside the best
of Argento or the older Bava. I also agree totally with Joe
Torrez about Laura Ganser. She may be a weak actress
but she is a powerful erotic force just standing there,
preferably nude.

John Thonen
Raytown, MO

I'm not sure if another ATOR film is what the world needs,
but I do understand where you are coming from! It's great
to see the coverage of D'Amato's work (the filmography
pullout section being very useful). The question that
keeps me awake at nights in the cold Canadian hinterlands
is, "What is PORNO HOLOCAUST?" (It's EROTIC
NIGHTS OF THE LIVING DEAD with porno inserts - ED.)
My favorite D'Amato film is probably IMMAGINI DI UN
CONVENTO, just because of its sweet, wholesome and
morally uplifting presentation of lesbian nuns possessed
by a satanic statue in the courtyard. It wasn't tasteful by
any means, but it was a lot more fun to watch than
EMANUELLE IN AMERICA, which made my skin crawl. As
for the rest of ETC #1, I was impressed although some of
the reviews seemed to cover films that have had a lot of
press before. I understand however, that with the wider
distribution of ETC there are probably new readers who
haven't discovered these films, so it's just a minor gripe at
best. How about a feature on Massimo Dallamano, who did
WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO SOLANGE?, or an article
on the rarer Fulci films? (Hopefully the review of Fulci's
ONE ON TOP OF THE OTHER is a step in that direction.
As far as Dallamano goes, we'll get to him eventually - ED.)

Eric Sulev
Canada

ETC looks and feels great yet still is filled with the
inimitable spirit of Craig Ledbetter and Euro-trash mania.
My only possible request would be that the next issue
feature a color pull-out of the beautiful Laura Ganser,
your favorite and mine (only kidding). Here were the
highlights for me: P. Joe Torrez's (who is this guy?)
wonderfully evocative and enjoyable "View From Twin
Shore" drive-in memory hymn-it's a piece I'll not soon

forget—the only disappointment to me was that the reviews accompanying it weren't as personal and off-beat. Bissette's D'Amato review, literate and insightful as always, Secula's trailblazing info on the Argentinian vampire flick—I loved his delineation of the thematic difference (vampires equated with the end of sex rather than with sexual liberation) between this film and most other vampire flicks, and finally Marshall Cress's Rollin review and one I've been waiting for: **REQUIEM**—interesting and informed as always. Thanks for putting out ETC, in any form or fashion, much less the current impressive incarnation.

David Walker
Tennessee

Fulci's film is **DANGEROUS OBSESSION**, not **DEADLY OBSESSION**; the latter title is of putrid film about a guy who poisons ice cream, ala the Tylenol tampering of yore. Suggestion, in the future do something on Ovidio Assonitis, a director/producer who nobody ever mentions even though his credits—**BEYOND THE DOOR**, **MADHOUSE**, **THE CURSE**, **THE VISITOR**—are many.

Lorne Marshall
Glenburnie, MD

BLUE EROTIC ANIMAL JOB is not a D'Amato film. He only made porno films during a three year period (1962-1983). Porno films made after that period but which use his name are by a lady director (and others) named Giuliana Gamba (who now makes only soft-core films). Also, I found out that Mora Chen is not Laura Gemser's real name. Laura Gemser is her real name and Mora Chen is the pseudonym. (Mora will be revealed in Mura's interview with D'Amato in an upcoming ETC - ED)

Max Della Mora
Italy

The pulout filmography was a dynamic idea and I was glad to see you follow a D'Amato theme this issue. Suggestions for future filmography subjects: How about Joseph Larmid, Pupi Avati, Bruno Mattei, Carlos Aured, Fernando Di Leo, or Amando De Ossano? (Upcoming filmographies include Umberto Lenzi and Sergio Martino - ED)

Robert Sargent
Alexandria, VA

One sour point to ETC is the writing of Pompano Joe Torrez (your Miami connection and only advertiser?) but then again I am biased towards Mondo films of any kind and would love to see wider coverage of ETC type material that falls into this category (especially **MONDO 2000** and the more recent stuff) preferably by a more perceptive and intelligent writer.

Michael Helms
Australia

POMPANO JOE TORREZ REPLIES:

ETC editor Craig Ledbetter showed me this letter and asked if I wanted to personally respond. So here goes, directly to Michael from Pompano: Let's put this into perspective, okay? Even the illustrious director (Romano Vanderboos) of **THIS IS AMERICA 1 & 2** doesn't take his work as seriously as you seem to. Given, the guy is such an opportunist that he took these "fascinating" Mondo flicks, re-edited them with even phonier (funnier?) dialogue, and turned the whole preposterous mess into a **COMEDY** for an American release, called **KSEX** (like **THE SEX O'CLOCK NEWS**). But then maybe it takes a more perceptive and intelligent writer (than I am) to understand the finer nuances of this suspicious endeavor. Right?

Errata . . . Last issue's cover was from **THE MURDER CLINIC**. Steve Bissette's review in Issue 1 was excerpted from his book on cannibalism **WE'RE GOING TO EAT YOU**.

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AUTOPSY

DIRECTED BY JORGE FORQUE

REVIEWED BY PAUL MERRITT

I doubt **AUTOPSY** is the original title of this film (it's not, **TAROT** is the actual title - ED). The credits start, then when the title comes up, it's like one of those little cards being held up by hand just out of frame. The rest of the original credit sequence is well done as a vaguely ominous motorcycle rider speeds past some lovely scenery while tarot cards are superimposed over it.

The ominous rider turns out to be Sue (**LOLITA**) Lyon, who is working as a sort of amateur prostitute. She thinks she's taking on a young stud but in reality it is blind, old, Fernando Rey. This passes Sue off so she leaves. However, we are supposed to believe that Fernando, after a quick Brazilia feel up, is madly in love with twenty three year old (and looking all of forty) Sue.

Inevitably, Sue and Rey's young violet stud get together and of course they naturally have her marry blind, old Fernando so they can "have it all." Fernando never questions this arrangement until things become too obvious to ignore. He hits upon a brilliant plan and so has the maid drive him into town (the maid is pissed because the valet is no longer boffing her) but really doubles back to the house. He discovers the lovers in the bathtub and pulling out a gun, attempts to shoot them. Unbelievably he shoots the bathtub full of holes (the lovers had long since vacated it) and is drowned (!) in the ensuing flood.

There follows an even more incredible scene where Sue attempts to distract the maid and the cook while the valet staggers down to the pool with Fernando's body being around bordering on the hilarious. Well, the maid figures it out and attempts to cut herself in, so the valet sets her up for murder too. However, she guns him down and returns to find Sue totally over the edge and confessing to the two-man local police force.

AUTOPSY is extremely boring and predictable with a truly awful performance by Sue Lyon. It is even more bizarre to see Gloria Grafame doing a Betty Davis-in-access bit while Fernando Rey and others underact to the hilt. Michel Colombier has provided a nice theme but

someone put idiotic words to it as a "ringer" waits on until you want to scream. Take a pass on this one. Formerly available from **MOGUL VIDEO** but currently discontinued.

DE SADE'S JUSTINE

DIRECTED BY CHRIS BOGER

REVIEWED BY BOB SARGENT

Considered somewhat of a cult film, **DE SADE'S JUSTINE** (1975) caused quite a stir in Britain (because the lead actress was doing royalty at the time) and is as cathartic a viewing experience as I've ever encountered. Bloody swordplay, kinky sex and gory deaths are among the thrills served up in generous portions.

The story revolves around two recently orphaned young girls in a convent school where corruption and lesbianism run rampant. The chaste Justine (Koo Stark) and her promiscuous sister Juliet (Lydia Lisle) witness the burial of their parents by an indifferent pastor who refuses to read over them until offered payment. Shortly thereafter we find Justine in prayer while Juliet performs a solo sex show for the gratification of one of the deprived nuns. She

later attempts to introduce Justine to her philosophy (speak out depravity in order to exploit it) but they are interrupted.

A radiant beauty who seems to inspire in almost everyone an uncontrollable desire to tear her clothes off, Justine causes even the Holy Mother to succumb and assault her. Juliet has to interrupt one of her rightly lessons in order to rescue her little sister from the raving lynch.

Not surprisingly, the next morning both girls are turned out penniless. Hitching a ride with a handsome nobleman (Martin Potter, who was in **CRAZE** with Jack Palance who was in Jess Franco's version of **JUSTINE** - how's that for a roundabout connection), they head for London so that they might try their hand at prostitution. Stopping at an inn, the smitten nobleman and Juliet thrash about on the floor while Justine silently watches their frenzied coupling from her bed (reflected in a mirror).

The action moves to a brothel where the girls are introduced to a French madame who begins their



instruction immediately. After witnessing various sordid exercises (culminating in Juliet tellering an effeminate idiot named George), Justine decides to take flight. On the way out she runs into the nobleman (I never heard his name mentioned once) on the stairs. Unable to convince Justine to embrace her situation he opts to boff Juliet instead.

Justine's poor timing next lands her on the doorstep of Pastor John (from the earlier burial scene). He offers her a bed but later attempts to rape her. Chasing Justine to the rooftop, the randy clergyman accidentally takes a high dive and splatters his brains all over the ground below. Justine fees but immediately falls into the clutches of a trio of thieves (presently robbing a grave) and their opportunist leader (a crone who calls herself Old Bonnie). Taking the girl aside, Old Bonnie offers Justine a grim proposition - either serve her interests or be thrown to the goons (who already have their pants unzipped).

Returning to the brothel we find our jealous nobleman rescuing his beloved Juliet from a degenerate aristocrat with a penchant for whipping. Worried about her little sister, Juliet dispatches the nobleman to find her. As fate (and the script) would have it, the same trio of thieves use Justine to waylay his coach and then slaughter the occupants. Heads are blown off, throats are cut and even a little boy is run through before the carnage ends. Only the nobleman is spared at Justine's insistence. One of the goons sees fit to indulge himself in a little necrophilia before they depart.

Justine and the nobleman manage to escape that same night but the killers trail them to the inn. After the nobleman defeats Pierce (the head goon) in a swordfight, the pair take flight once again. Pierce's death so enrages the remainder of the thieves that they employ vicious dogs to continue their search.

In keeping with the bleak theme, the ending is suitably downbeat. While watching Justine (who amazingly enough is still a virgin) bathe in a convenient lake, our hero is suddenly overcome by lust and sodomizes her. About this time the killers arrive and quite literally catch our hero with his pants down. Justine is unceremoniously raped and dumped in the water by the two remaining goons while Old Bonnie cackles away nearby. The dogs overtake the nobleman and tear him to bloody bits before he is finished by a well-placed sword thrust.

The film moves itself along at a good clip. I was reminded of *THE PERILS OF PAULINE* by the way the narrative propels Justine into situations that go from bad to worse. The director certainly seems comfortable with filming sexual situations as he boldly took advantage of every opportunity to undress his actresses and capture some of the most lurid scenes of depravity ever committed to celluloid. Juliet, in particular, is in the nude more often than not and the scenes of her writhing in bed with one sister after another at the convent are energetically rendered.

But this film is at it's best in Justine's nightmares when it crosses out of exploitation and into fantasy. One sequence that was particularly memorable has the heroine on a huge flaming cross as a horde of party-loaded ghouls presided over the event from the gallery above. Another had her parents' coffins explode into flames during the opening moments of the film. The locations used were splendidly gloomy and contributed greatly to an already overwhelming atmosphere of dread.

With it's unflattering portrayal of humanity (in general) and the church (in particular) I found *DE SADE'S JUSTINE* to be somewhat reminiscent of *ALUCARDA* and Jose Franco's *THE DEMONS* (as both films dealt with similar subject matter in like settings). The story has been done before but who cares? Not for the hair-beg splatter crowd but if soft-core porn laced with horrific elements and just about every perversion under the sun is your bag, *DE SADE'S JUSTINE* shouldn't disappoint you. All that aside, see it for Koo Stark (and lend out for yourself what the commotion was all about). Available from VCE VIDEO.

DER RUFF DER BLONDEN GOTTIN

DIRECTED BY JESUS FRANCO

REVIEWED BY CRAIG LEBETTER

Jesus Franco has received more press in this country (and abroad) in the last few years than in any other time in his 30 year career. And what would a zine called *European Trash Cinema* be if it didn't review his more obscure work? I purposely avoided Franco in the first issue because I was about Franco-ed out. However, since quite a few ETC subscribers expected some type of Franco coverage, I won't make that mistake again.

I've seen almost a hundred of his films (and lived to tell about it). I always find something in each of his films to enjoy, however very few hold up over their entire 90 minutes. His two best periods were the 60's B&W era and the French productions he made during the early 70's. The nadir of his career (in my opinion) are the late 70's films he made for Erwin C. Dietrich's Elite Films. All those women-in-prison films feature mix and match casts and plots that any hack could have produced. As the censoring practices relaxed throughout the world's film colonies, Franco's misce an scene (I've always wanted to use that word) weakened considerably. All the care and attention to detail he utilized in films like *THE HORRIBLE DR. ORLOFF* on up to *MRS. HYDE* seemed to vanish when sex and nudity become commonplace on the screen.

This long-winded pre-ambule is especially apropos when it comes to shill like *DER RUF DER BLONDEN GOTTIN*. Even though it purports to be a "voodoo" film, as usual for Franco during his time frame, it's merely an excuse

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

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for wall-to-wall female nudity. Action, violence and even plot details all occur off-camera. However, whenever it's time for one of the actresses to bathe, writhle around on the bed nude or walk around the house (also nude), the camera takes every opportunity to fix its stare and not quit until the last tidbit of ogling female nudity can be extracted. Being a heterosexual male, I can appreciate the abundance of female flesh, but that's all it is, an excuse to titillate and nothing more. After 90 minutes I'm bored out of my fucking skull.

The plot to this film is simple enough and if not for the presence of Franco regulars Karine Gambier and Jack Taylor (this "acting" here telegraphs how fed up he was in appearing in such shit), I'd write off this entire experience as tedious personified. Seems that Jack's (Jack Taylor) new bride Susan (Vicky Adams) has joined him to live on a Caribbean island where he's employed by the British consul. She meets Jack's nympho "sister" (actually his lover) Olga (Karine Gambier) along with their native housekeeper Inez (Ada Tauler - a hard-body version of French actress Alice Arno). Before too long Susan awakens after midnight and participates in arcane voodoo rituals (chickens are beheaded and the blood drips onto her naked chest). After each ritual, Susan is seen killing off several of Jack's business associates (the murders, like most of the other action sequences occur off-screen), as part of his plan to prevent the discovery of his true identity. When Inez and her associates discover they had unwittingly helped Jack in his plan, they kidnap him and extract their own revenge (off-camera of course). Susan leaves the next morning and as the paperback says, "Perhaps someday she will be able to forget and only thinks (SIC) of the horrible occurrences on the wonderful island like a dream." Yeah, sure.

At least 40% of the time, we watch the natives perform their voodoo ritual dances. Franco films it like a National Geographic TV special except he adds his patented zoom-to-the-crotch shots. A word or two about Karine Gambier. Jeze, this woman oozes sizzle from every open pore and orifice. True to form, in *DER RUF DER BLONDEN GOTTIN*, as in damn near everything I've seen her in, Gambier takes a very soapy bath and still looks like she was gang banged by the entire cast and crew. If Jean Harlow had been born in the sixties and became a porno goddess in the eighties, she would be the spitting image of Ms. Gambier. K.G. has that drugged out, don't give a shit look most porno "actresses" have right before they stick their head in the oven.

For Franco completists like me only, others need not bother.

KILLSTREET

DIRECTED BY JEAN ROLLIN

REVIEWED BY DAVID KERESKE

Originally released as *LES TROTTOIRS DE BANGKOK* (1984), *KILLSTREET* is one of Jean Rollin's more

recent movies. Alongside his other later thrillers like *LES ECHAPPEES* (1981) and *LES NEURTHIERES* (1983), *KILLSTREET* (1984) seems to indicate a general move for Rollin, away from the sex vampire and horror movies of *LA VAMPIRE NUE* (1980), *LE FRISSON DES VAMPIRES* (1970) and *LA MORTE VIVANT* (1982) towards the more down to earth worlds of crime and espionage. *KILLSTREET* is a rather half-hearted movie; an indistinguishable tale of double-dealings and double-agents. While *KILLSTREET* involves the often violent murder of several agents for custody of the 'Bangkok tape', it is really only Rollin's keen eye for a pretty face (and compromising situation) that saves the movie from being a total write-off.

A wall-like figure by the name of Yoko spends all of her time on the run, and is the source of a constant struggle between the good guys and bad guys. Apart from Yoko, Rudy the dog is quite interesting, being a kind of later day-Lassie and saving people from being shot, untying agents from railway lines with his teeth, and even saving the day in the end. But only the closing moments provide *KILLSTREET* with the ambitious and sleazy direction usually associated with Jean Rollin: a girl gets flogged under the surveillance of closed-circuit TV for the detection of the 'evil mastermind' whoever he might be.

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LA NUIT DES TRAQUÉES

DIRECTED BY JEAN ROLLIN

REVIEWED BY MARSHALL CRIST

What would happen if someone grafted the sentimental romanticism of Jean Rollin, France's lesbian vampire auteur, onto the icy medical detachment of David Cronenberg's early films?

You'd probably get something akin to the interesting, and occasionally entertaining 1980 production **LA NUIT DES TRAQUÉES** (approximate translation: **NIGHT OF THE HUNTED**). Made during an off-period for Rollin, this picture saw the light of day around the same time as the director's mega-bomb **ZOMBIE LAKE**. Needless to say, the former is a better film.

What I could discern of the plot of this French-language print goes as follows: A young woman (Brigitte Lahaie, in at least her third non-porno Rollin film) is constantly trying to escape from a sinister, futuristic medical clinic. Apparently the organization running the operation is trying to control human behavior with gamma rays, and are slowly draining the wills of Lahaie and her co-captors.

These subjects are driven to seemingly random acts of sexual aggression and homicidal and suicidal violence, depicted in loving detail. Ms. Lahaie's character must endure the systematic physical deterioration and death of several of her friends before her boyfriend (David Naughton lookalike Vincent Gardier) tries to rescue her. The result is a typical Rollin ending, the lovers are reunited, but not in the way they had hoped.

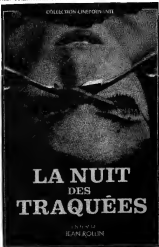
That this is not the greatest French fantasy film ever made should be obvious to anyone watching the first 45 minutes, which rival the aforementioned **ZOMBIE LAKE** and Rollin's **LA ROSE DE FER** on the tedium scale. The second half of the film is improved not so much by the increase in violence and sexual activity, as it is by the overwhelming atmosphere of hopelessness and despair which is so effectively conveyed (if the statement seems self-contradictory, then this is not the film for you). There is no intentional comic relief in this movie --

no Paul Snoggle bumbling about as a lust-crazed gamma ray zombie -- only the sense that, as in Cronenberg's films, the only constant in life is the breakdown and decay of the life systems themselves.

This theme is promoted not only by the plot, but also by technique. The soundtrack rumbles mechanically like **ERASERHEAD**. The visuals consist of long takes and wide angles, emotionally (and literally) distancing the spectator from the drama. The editing is deliberate as there are no reactionshots during dialogue, which should show the impact of a line upon the person being addressed.

While seemingly combining two opposite and extremely discordant styles of filmmaking, **LA NUIT DES TRAQUÉES** is ironically Jean Rollin's most unified film, thematically. Still, while one may be impressed by the director's resourcefulness and vision on what appears to be an even lower budget than usual, it's hard not to be nostalgic for the times when Rollin would go on location to a castle with a generous supply of colored spotlights and naked actors, and emerge with a film that contained eroticism, humor, and surrealism, rather than dispassionate intellectual dry humping.

Fetish note: this film contains trains, but no beaches or dunes. (Highly significant that the mechanical is chosen over the organic? Yes, I'm kidding.)



MAGDALENA VOM TEUFEL BESESSEN

DIRECTED BY MICHAEL WALTER

REVIEWED BY MICHAEL SÉCULA

Masquerading as **THE DEVIL'S FEMALE** on Venezuelan videocassette (but a rose by any other name...), this 1974 German production is a rousing possession flick which admirably exploits-without-plagiarizing its megaluck predecessor

The story begins in sensational fashion when the body of Josef Winter is found crucified to the door of his apartment house on Ash Wednesday. We are then introduced to the virginal Magdalena, orphaned resident of a boarding school for girls and granddaughter of Josef Winter. In a neatly staged shock sequence, an invisible demonic presence exits the old man's corpse, simultaneously, Magdalena suffers a seizure, followed by a violent fit in which she attempts to fight off an unseen attacker. The school's physician dismisses the episodes as hysteria and gives her a sedative. Hell-conscious and thus defenseless, Magdalena is raped and possessed by the invisible demon. The next day, while visiting her friend Father Conrad, she casually blasphemes the sacrament of Communion (with a line that will bring even long-lapsed Catholics to attention) and, after numerous bouts of naked obscenity-spewing, winds up in the care of a psychiatrist, Professor Falk, and his assistant, Doctor Stone.

The subplot of the police investigation into Winter's murder yields hints of Satanism and perversion which, while never clearly spelled out, serve as the basis for Magdalena's diabolic behavior (though only the priest is willing to consider a supernatural cause). Magdalena's conduct swings back and forth -- from innocent and pure to lascivious and obscene -- with calculated cunning. She arouses two strangers with promises of sex for the sole pleasure of inciting them to violence, and uses Dr. Stone's affection for her as a means to seduce and disgrace him. The demon's identity is finally revealed when Professor Falk places Magdalena under hypnosis, but it is only after her attempt on his life and one final outburst of mayhem that he at last decides to follow Father Conrad's advice. Hypnotized once again, Magdalena is compelled to recite a prayer, whereupon she promptly vomits a serpent and returns to her normal self. After that, she and Dr. Stone stroll off together, as the camera lingers on one of the roadside shrines common to predominantly Catholic southern Germany: Praise the Lord!

What we have here is a veritable catalog of those things which A) alienate most Americans from European commercial cinema, and B) attract the readers of ETC. Theatrically released here as **BEYOND THE DARKNESS** in 1976, the film was greeted with predictable derision by elitist genre publications which first branded it a cheap **EXORCIST** rip-off, then complained when it failed to live up to their expectations of what an **EXORCIST** rip-off should be. Of course, a poorly dubbed cast of unknowns is often too big an obstacle for many attention spans. Still, it's amusing to note that while the German filmzone **VAMPIR** commanded the fact that the Holzhammer Method (word-stream and anaka) was chosen over the nevertheless renowned -- though reduced to tastelessness through time -- Theological Exorcism (Holy water and crucifix), the American **CINEFANTASTIQUE** felt cheated because it contained "no exorcism".

Not surprisingly, the film's weakest moments are those few that are swipes from Fredkin's film (Magdalena's



low-budget telekinetic display reminded me of Andy Milligan's **CARNAGE**). For a welcome change, the blatantly exploitative treatment of a familiar theme actually contributes to, rather than detracts from, the overall effectiveness, since the notion of licentiousness-as-evil more accurately targets the traditional hang-ups of Catholicism than Linda Blair's oh-so-scary antics and special effects hokum. But what really makes this film work is the exceptional performance of Dagmar Hedrich as Magdalena. A former model making her cinema debut, her credibility transcends even the handicap of the dubbing. The fact that she also spends much of the running time naked makes the film all the more watchable. Available from CIC VIDEO.

ONE ON TOP OF THE OTHER

DIRECTED BY LUCIO FULCI

REVIEWED BY CRAIG LEDBETTER

Lucio Fulci is one of my favorite directors. Except for the extremely lame films starring the Duke Mitchell and Sammy Petrillo of Italy (Franco & Ciccio), Fulci has always directed (and usually contributed to the script)

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with an eye for entertainment. **THE BEYOND, ZOMBIE**, and **GATES OF HELL** all help to make Fulci a household word to horror fans (and bandwagon jumping journalists) during the early eighties. I love these films too, but to ignore or disregard his work prior to that period is criminal. **ONE ON TOP OF THE OTHER** (1969) original Italian title is **UNA SULL'ALTRA**) is a precursor to the thrillers of Dario Argento in plot if not style. Nothing flashy is directionally performed during the film's running time, which is to its benefit, because it would have certainly distracted from the rather byzantine storyline.

George Murrer (Jean Sorel, who also starred in Fulci's **A LIZARD IN A WOMEN'S SKIN**) is the hedonistic co-owner (along with his brother) of the Murrer Clinic. George lives in the fast lane and is always hatching schemes to finance both the clinic's operation and his lifestyle. His wife Susan (Monica Meli also starred in Mario Bava's **DANGER: DIABOLIK**), is in poor health and dies soon after the film begins. This sets the plot into motion as George discovers a stripper who bears an uncanny resemblance to Susan, while the police learn that George's wife was poisoned. Plot twists are continually introduced up to and including the conclusion, with a police detective (John Ireland, who dubs his own voice) summing up everything and explaining it all for those in the audience not paying attention. There's no real mystery for the audience as we are let in on what happened at the same time George was. Like the best Hitchcock films (no, I'm not comparing Fulci to Alfred Hitchcock), we must suffer right along with the main character in a race to prove his innocence.

The exteriors were filmed in San Francisco and as you might imagine, styles paraphernalia is everywhere. Riz Ortolani's loud, brass, jazzy music score reflects the times (the dapper sitar solo makes an appearance) as accurately as Alejandro Ulloa's cinematography. Ulloa's camera work (he also photographed **HORROR EXPRESS**, **THE CRAVING**, and **HUMAN BEASTS** along with numerous westerns) is noteworthy for its lack of overindulgence when it comes to angles and movement.

No one in the cast is guilty of over-emoing and it was nice to see familiar faces such as Jean Sorel (**DEATH LAID AN EGG**), Jorge Rigaud (**EYEBALL**), and Alberto DellMendoza (**THE TAIL OF THE SCORPION**). Token American Faith Domergue (Howard Hughes ex-mistress) as Susan's sister contributes nothing to the affair and Elsa Martinelli has a thankless role as George's mistress (her short bitch-like haircut does add credibility in a scene where she attempts to seduce Monica, the Susan-clone also played by Monica Meli). The centerpiece performance belongs to Monica Meli and this film showcases her talents as no other film has. As the sickly and hateful Susan, she's the image of a Spouse From Hell. Spitting out both phlegm and invectives at her husband, one can understand why George anxiously flees the room whenever she enters. On the other side of the coin, as the blonde (as in dumb) stripper with a mercenary's heart she freely disrobes for both the club's audience as well as whomever pays her enough

money back at her apartment. Ample nude scenes display Meli's obvious attributes which unfortunately became ravaged by drugs and scandal as the next decade reached its mid-point (her hapless, severe appearance in Umberto Lenzi's **SETTE ORCHIDEE MACCHIAIE DI ROSSO** among others).

The film contains the usual cameo appearance by Fulci (he plays a police scientist) and was released on video in Great Britain on the Inter-Ocean Video label. What a shame it has yet to gain such an appearance in this country.

PLANET ON THE PROWL

DIRECTED BY ANTONIO MARGHERITI
REVIEWED BY CRAIG LEDBETTER

Antonio Margheriti (hiding behind the pseudonym: Anthony Dawson) directed 8 SF films in the 60's, of which **MISSIONE PLANETE ERRANTE / WAR BETWEEN THE PLANETS** has to be the weakest. Margheriti is still active today and generally rips off whatever's popular. Italian SF films are not noted for their innovations and from this example it's easy to see why. Gummi miniatures, comic book characters who speak dialogue like "What's new helium head?", and wooden acting don't add up to much as far as **PLANET ON THE PROWL** is concerned.

Commander Rod Jackson (Giacomo Rossi Stuart) is sent to Space Station Gamma One. It seems the earth is plagued by earthquakes, volcanoes, and tidal waves so Jackson is ordered to determine why. After introducing some extraneous plot details (the usual love triangle found in pulp fiction), Commander Jackson leads a squadron of fighters to a living planet whose entry into earth's orbit has caused all the problems. Some of the cardboard characters are consumed by the living planet before Jackson detonates an anti-matter bomb, saving the day for Planet Earth.

This plot was a cliché in the 30's when it appeared in **PLANET STORIES**, so no amount of visual razzle-dazzle is going to make this a sight for sore eyes. Giacomo Rossi Stuart (Americanized as Jack Stuart in the credits) is a typical square-jawed hero who never makes a wrong decision, all the women love, and saves the day at least once a week. No amount of care was taken in filming the special effects (wires are visible throughout) so even the filmmakers lacked interest. The dubbed dialogue usually results in a howler or two. For example, when Commander Jackson orders his troops into action, his inspiring words are "Well, we better get over there." Where, that would've motivated a marine.

Not worth the effort of inserting the tape into the machine. Available from **MONTEREY VIDEO**.

THE PRIZE OF PERIL

DIRECTED BY YVES BOISSET

REVIEWED BY JOHN THONEN

There is certainly nothing unusual about cheap foreign films that ripoff big budget American hits. What is unusual is to find a moderately budgeted foreign film that has been blatantly ripped off in a mega budget American film. It would seem to me that the creators of **THE PRIZE OF PERIL** might have a good case for a law suit against the makers of **THE RUNNING MAN** since

processes are obviously a little different.

The film is based on a Robert Sheekley short story, whose similarly themed novel **THE SIXTH VICTIM** was itself a 1965 Italian film, inexplicably titled **THE TENTH VICTIM**. The film offers us an economically ravaged future where the public is placated by a popular game show called **THE PRIZE OF PERIL**. In it, everyday citizens (not steroid ridden hulkies) have a chance to win a million dollar prize if they can elude a team of killers for four hours. The show is run by a slimy host/concator named Marley (Michel Piccoli) who smoothly segues from death to product plugs and drags contestant's widows before the camera to claim \$10,000 consolation prizes (what, no home version?).

Problems arise when Marley and his team of assistants select Frederick (Gerard Lanvin) as their next contestant. Marley is unsure about the choice but is convinced by his producer (the lovely Marie France Pisier) who thinks the man has a special quality that will appeal to audiences. The ruggedly handsome Frederick (who looks a bit like a taller, slimmer Jean Paul Belmondo) is indeed popular, he's also trouble. During his game he kills some of his pursuers, strictly against the rules, and uncovers that the entire game is a sham. No one is ever to win and the producers secretly help the contestants out whenever the pursuers get close enough to threaten the show's length, and hence it's upcoming commercials.

Frederick is never really a hero, he willingly dumps his loving girlfriend in favor of the glory and money the show promises, and has no more regard for human life than do the show's creators. There is certainly no happy ending here. This is a cold and cynical look at audiences as voyeurs and the TV industry as pushers of nothing more than a visually administered drug for the masses. Frederick's pursuers are also everyday types chosen from would be contestants. In classic game show style they are interviewed by Marley on the show. Each tells a little about themselves, family, job, hobbies and then why they are all too willing to chase and kill another human being. It's a chilling moment, and all too believable.

The original copyright date on this tape is unreadable but it has been on video for several years so it easily outdates **THE RUNNING MAN**. Judging from hair styles and Pisier's youthfulness I would guess it to be a mid-seventies production. **THE RUNNING MAN** was a simple minded excursion into unbelievable action and clear cut good guys and bad guys. It was marred even further by a sappy, happy ending which implied that a seemingly totalitarian government and economically and morally devastated society could somehow be salvaged by a single act of heroism. **THE PRIZE OF PERIL** sees a similar problem in our future but does not offer the simplistic solutions. This is obviously a film made by people who are willing to think while watching a film instead of turning off their brain and just watching the pretty colors move.

There is enough action here to satisfy those looking for a simple diversion, but for those who are willing, there is also an intelligent subtext here that says some accurate,



that film bears far more resemblance to this French production than it does to the Stephen King story it is supposedly based on.

Those whose love of European films is based largely on the mood and atmosphere so prevalent in Italian, German, and Spanish films may be disappointed here. French filmmaking tends more towards the slick professionalism of American films which is probably one of the very qualities that has driven so many of us away from American films. Still, these are the people who think Jerry Lewis is a cinematic genius so their thought

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and not too likeable things about our society and those who find an outlet for their own problems by sinking into televised catatonia. Sound like anyone you know? Formerly available from LIGHTNING VIDEO but currently discontinued.

SYNDICATE SADISTS

DIRECTED BY UMBERTO LENZI

REVIEWED BY CHRIS POGGIALI

Umberto Lenzi's **RAMBO SFIDA LA CITTA'** is a fast-paced, enjoyable action picture in the same vein as Lenzi's **ALMOST HUMAN** and **BRUTAL JUSTICE**. Tomas

everyone he can see. Predictably, Rambo ends up losing a few friends and wiping out the bad guys in a wave of gunfire, squealing tires, and speeding cars. In the most interesting scene, Rambo's old flame is killed by being punched in the face! She dies instantly, on her knees, with bugged-out eyes and an open mouth! It's a bizarre death, both silly and unsettling at the same time, and since there's no nudity, bad language, or graphic violence, it's probably the reason why the film got an R rating in the States.

In the U.S., **RAMBO SFIDA LA CITTA'** is known as **SYNDICATE SADISTS**. It was briefly released to theatres in the early 80s, if you lived in New York City you could have seen it on a double bill with **THE ONE-ARMED EXECUTIONER** in Times Square. In fact, many Lenzi films were in the U.S. release at that time -- **MAKE THEM DIE**



Milano, who was the villain in those two films, takes a turn as the hero this time around. He plays Rambo, a tough biker with a crazy wardrobe (a winter cap, goggles, and a leather jacket) who returns to his old neighborhood to visit a friend who works for the police department. Rambo's pal tells him that the cops have their hands full dealing with a crime wave engineered by mobster Joseph Cotten, who is really blind but very good at convincing

SLOWLY CITY OF THE WALKING DEAD DOOMED TO DIE, and ASSAULT WITH A DEADLY WEAPON (reissue of **BRUTAL JUSTICE** that features all pseudonyms in the credits, the director listed is "Walter Gains") all had theatrical runs between 1982 and 1984. With **SYNDICATE SADISTS**, Lenzi took a fairly simple plot and made it an exciting, non-stop cops 'n' robbers tale with an air of good humor. The music by Franco Micalizzi is great.

and Milan makes a good hero, although I think he's more at home as a bad guy. The editing is also exceptionally well done, lending a nice comic book feel to the movie. Joseph Cotten, about as far from *CITIZEN KANE* as he could possibly get, turns in a lazy performance that reeks of "Gimme the paycheck and I'll give this page-and-a-half a quick read-through." The front cover of this video has a grinning bald man waving a blowtorch at a weeping woman who is chained to a wall. Needless to say, that scene doesn't appear in the movie. Formerly available from SUPER VIDEO but currently discontinued.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS OF THE WEST

DIRECTED BY BRUNO CORBUCCI

REVIEWED BY

PAUL HIGSON

"What in tarnation is a tarnation and what the tarnation is this?" I cried upon stumbling across this for sale (at a ridiculously low price) in a local U.K. video store, one of the last ignorant, brave, or stupid enough to keep such pre-classification and tattle labels on their shelves. George Eastman was prominent in the Italian Western long before he was called on for his plasma dranching in the films of Joe D'Amato. In that hot period from '67 to '73 when the spaghetti dreadfuls were king in the genre and film public awareness, Eastman (or Luigi Monteleone need it be told) starred in more than half a dozen, amongst them, *POKER WITH PISTOLS* (67) and *ODIA IL PROSSIMO TUO* (68). Though these and others can be discovered made mentioned in at least Phil Hardy's *Aurum Encyclopedia of the Westerns*, nothing in my admittedly limited resources can be found on the movie in review. This I find most odd considering its cast includes such Euro-Trash names as Eastman, Timothy Brent, Karin Schubert and Chris Huertas. Maybe Phil is saving the title for a later volume focusing on comedy, farce or just pure idiosyncrasy.

Dart Coldwater, Jr. (Timothy Brent), the son of a Texas Ranger and local hero, is looked upon by his

townfolk to provide further glory, notoriety and place for their happy little home of Cheese Valley. A dance is the setting for the fond farewell of our young hero's premiere adventure. The square dance lyrics are particularly appalling and amusing: "Follow me to what you do, dish me out the kalamator, keep her isolated, keep her to, can't you beat that Irish stew."

Dart Jr.'s mission is to find and team up with his father's fellow Texas Rangers and attain for himself some of that glory stired by their name. In crossing the desert, he spends the night at a posada where he discovers the meeting of a crooked banker named Le Duc and a top revolutionary honcho called Cabezon, who is promised gold (which could buy him arms and strengthen his legions) in turn for the rights to the country's mining properties following a successful overthrow. Transport for the gold is arranged.

Upon finding his father's former comrades he discovers



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them to be womanizing, cheating and in the case of Portland, gastronomically overindulging louts who collected more buckshot from the equally corrupt Dart Sr. during their last great battle than they did from the enemy. He loots McAdoo (Eastman), Ramirez, and Portland into decimating LeDuc who had come into town with the gold hidden in a phony ambulance driven by the attractive but equally treacherous Alice (that doll Schubert). The promise of gold keeps the Texas Rangers loyal to Dart Jr. but only until they can have it for themselves. When Alice's original travelling companions are incapacitated, the four step in under the pretension of being good and true escorts for the medical wagon and its important "medicinal" cargo.

A blockade is broken through and they are ambushed by "hippies" — yeah, plenty of those around during the turn of the century, weren't there? The hippies steal the wagon and are then allowed to punch one another over a loaf of bread before the musketeers take hold of their leader. Turns out he sold the wagon and so they force the information out of him, threatening to lose his prized steed by submerging him in a river.

The information takes them to an early Chinatown waiting for a city to be built around it. A kung-fu fight ensues involving Gin-Gao (the leader of the oriental community), his thugs, and a number of downtrodden locals siding with the "brave" musketeers. Dart Jr. soon gets the hang of this kung-fu along with Alice, who takes on five oriental girls whose kock action managing to tie them together with their own pigtails. She escapes their clutches only to be intercepted and jammed upside down in a barrel by the three-elder Texas Rangers who then steal off with what it is shortly learned to be, the wrong ambulance wagon. Alice drugs Dart Jr. and mixes off with the real wagon and gold.

The four musketeers finally catch up with her. LeDuc, his men, revolutionaries, bandits and a troop of circus performers on a train in the most ludicrous fight yet, culminating in the escape of Alice and the musketeers four, with the gold. There is a rather odd toneless footnote with Alice and company hinting to have taken the gold to the revolutionaries and aid them in the overthrow of tyranny.

Alexander Dumas' most renowned creations were never the innocents nor averse to beer consumption, but in this demented offering the four musketeers are for almost the entire length of the movie presented as a bunch of untrustworthy, thieving stooges who would probably sell their own mothers, and probably did, for their next bottle of hooch. A bastardization of the Dumas story and aborning its more positive moral elements damn near completely, this oft amusing and always entertaining tale which kept busy the typewriters of four people: Tito Carpi (originating the entire genre mangle), Leonardo Martin, Peter Sebring and the film's director Bruno Corbucci. Barring perhaps a few oriental subjects, everyone in the story is of irredeemingly bad character, their every woken hour devoted to philandering, swindling and self preservation. Even the four musketeers famous

cry is besmirched to become an entrance for several fights, "All for one and a punch from all," "All for one and I'm going to run," and "All for one and free for all." Richard Lester was making his epic and wonderful foray on the continent and the scale of that production was obviously seen by Carpi as advantageous with the suggestion to rush out a very unique version and catch the Lester epic's enormous publicity campaign, not that the production hadn't been self publicizing enough as it was. In the close European film community, Carpi may even have secured a preview of its shooting.

The fight sequences are especially ludicrous, borrowing from *Curly, Moe and Larry* to lesser success. The timing is dreadful and the absurdity of the action is met with the equally preposterous and after a time, irritating, sound effects. This is reminiscent of Alfonso Brescia's (aka Al Bradley) work, with the difference of a camera brought closer to the subjects and the humor more accurate. The humor is rife as is the imagination and unsavory attitudes and Miss Schubert's tie can't convince me that this isn't a family film — it's as anarchic as any child's favorite.

Timothy Breen's real name was revealed to me (by expert in these matters, Bethany Venice Rhys-Morgan) as Giancarlo Pireti. He didn't need the sound effects and dubs out and jumps to be imitating as he rhymes stupid by his script and looks stupid by his face. At least one of the musketeers was to get back at him successfully for his licks on them in this film when George Eastman buggered Timmy in Enzo Castellari's *I NUOVI BARBARI* nine years later.

Naturally not a good film, but brilliantly lousy. It doesn't rate too well in any genre but there's never a dull moment, so what more could be asked for (Er'um! Good camerawork, perfect dubbing, more girls, a monster, Ennio Morricone...)

WILD, WILD PLANET

DIRECTED BY ANTONIO MARGHERITI

REVIEWED BY CONRAD WIDENER

Most Euro-buffs agree that Mario Bava's *PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES* (1965) is the best example of Italian science fiction. While it was Bava who made the best, it was Antonio Margheriti who got the ball rolling with *ASSIGNMENT OUTER SPACE* (1960). Margheriti followed this effort with *BATTLE OF THE WORLDS* (1965, not to be confused with the terrible *COSMOS, WAR OF THE PLANETS*), *THE WILD, WILD PLANET* (1965, a sequel to *WAR OF THE PLANETS*), *SNOW DEVILS* (1965), and *WAR BETWEEN THE PLANETS* (aka *PLANET ON THE PROWL*). All have their colorful moments but *THE WILD, WILD PLANET* is my favorite.

In the 21st century, a number of important people are kidnapped. The man behind the abductions is Dr. Norio (Massimo Serato). Norio is trying to create the perfect race of humans by uniting the various body parts of his

ketchup victims. His perfect human will have both male and female imbs! A type of hermaphroditic society! That would be a wild, wild planet! When the doctor meets space lady Lt. Connie Gomez (Lisa Gastoni), he wants to add her to his collection of perfect specimens. This doesn't set too well with Connie's boyfriend, Commander Mike Helmslad (Tony Russell). Mike is suspicious of the doc, but has no proof he is involved in the people snatching. Norme eventually nails Lt. Gomez and is just about to fuse with her, when Commander Mike and his fellow space cadets break things up.

This is the most outrageous of Margherita's 1980's space epics, complete with inflatable men and women, ray guns that shoot fire and nice futuristic cars. The inflatable men have four arms and wear cool black leather jackets with matching hats and shades. These and other far out plot elements overshadow most of the routine characters. Of the principal players, only Massimo Sestini's Dr. Norme stands out. Norme is more of a Dr. Frankenstein in space than the usual ranting mad man. Although his ideas might seem insane (they sure seem nutty to me), he leads his work in the interest of science and will benefit mankind. Sestini, a fine actor, brings a strange dignity to the part. Tony Russell is okay as the strong-faced hero but the script never develops his character beyond the standard good guy. Lisa Gastoni has the thankless role of the woman who must be saved. Gastoni is given little to do except look great, which she does quite well. Watch for Franco Nero in a small part as Jake. Dubbing is good and includes the line "You hairy-headed idiot!" The linker toy sets and miniature cities designed by Piero Poletto are laughably charming, while the destruction of Sestini's dwelling is impressive for 1985. Nice score by A.F. Lavagnino. With its way out plot, fans of pasta science fiction will have a good time if they visit **THE WILD, WILD PLANET**.

NEWS FROM SPAIN

BY DALE PIERCE

Salvador Sainz recently completed a horror short called **IMPOSSIBLE LOVE**, which is not a **PEYTON PLACE** or **LOVE STORY** type of plot as the title might imply, but

a horror comedy which features an unlikely gay/transvestite wolfman. By now the endless trade between Paul Naschy and Sainz has become old news, ever since the controversy over the authorship of **HOWL OF THE DEVIL**, yet the two continue to take shots at each other. While American audiences would assume the film (if it even makes it to video or for a filler on cable TV) was a routine horror-comedy, the Spaniards would see it for what really is. This is yet another shot Sainz has taken at his arch enemy, Naschy, and yet another attempt to deflate the stocky macho actor's screen image. In Spain, Naschy is as well known for the wolfman role as Chaney Jr. was in America and has actually played a werewolf more times than Chaney Jr. on film. The message is taking the Naschy character and mocking it in the most offensive way possible. For an American comparison, picture a John Wayne or Clint Eastwood look-alike being used in a film in which they emerge on screen a la Monty Python, do a dance with each other, and walk off arm in arm into the sunset.

Spanish director German Monzo is reportedly planning a horror series for Spanish Television, similar to **TWILIGHT ZONE**, **NIGHT GALLERY** or **FRIDAY THE 13TH - THE SERIES**. It deals with horror stories set in Spain, and is in one hour segments, debuting sometime in 1991. While such projects have been constant in the USA since the invention of television, the idea of a Spanish-based, Spanish-produced horror series on TV is new and untried. Monzo, curiously unknown in the United States, is gaining a favorable reputation in Europe since the debut of **MAGIC LONDON** three years ago, an uncanny film which combined Satanism with voodoo, murder, monsters, and kung fu, and starred hard-working character actor, Victor Israel in the lead role.

Bigas Lunas has evidently run into a number of problems with an upcoming film, including a big controversy over the amount of nudity in the script, actresses turning down or backing out of the parts, and other technicalities. Rather than outright, psychopathic terror, as utilized in his most famous movie, **ANGUISH**, this project is reportedly a murky, kinkier type of story (as if something could get kinkier than a man who brings eyeballs home for his mother), reflecting back to an earlier work, unseen as of yet in America, called **BILBAO**. It's going to be curious to see how this new work turns out.

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PERIODICALS

SELECTED AND REVIEWED BY CRAIG LEDBETTER

In keeping with the nature of ETC, the following fanzine reviews will concentrate on those that cover non-US film fare. There are plenty of fanzines around that cover US films, so why add to the glut?

CINECINEZONE #40 - \$7.00 Renee Charlier, 16, Avenue Emile Zola, 94100 Saint-Maur des Fosses, France, 46 pages. Always excellent French language zine, this issue features a detailed look at *MILL OF THE STONE WOMEN*, *MUSCO DEL HORROR* (Mexican Horror film), *LE MONSTRE RESURRECTE* (Mexican Horror film), an article on Mexican Horror film, and the recent French Horror film *TREPANATION* which features French director Jean Rollin in an acting role. Highly Recommended.

ECHO #75 - \$5.00 for 4 issues, All-Save Productions, PO Box 65743, Washington, DC 20035. Published quarterly. The excellent one recently upgraded to slick covers and expanded page count. The theme this issue is Dirty Westerns, but when Eugene reviews assorted *GLADIO* (BLADE IN THE DARK is CAT OF HAT TAILS) and *Cannibal Cat* (MURDERERS MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY A WHITE SLAVE) along with the German produced *THE DEAD*. Recommended.

EYEBALL #9 - \$5.00 Stephen Thewles, 20, Rindye Court, New Park Road, Burton Hill, London SW2 4DF, England. A low star publication devoted to European Sex & Horror films. The best film zone on the planet covers Riccardo Pazzi (*WITCHES CURSE*), *A TRAGIC CEREMONIA EN VILLA ALEXANDER*, and Luca Fulci (just report from his new film *SEMORRA*) and reviews *DO NOT TORTURE A DUCKLING*, *HORROR RISES FROM THE TOMB*, *OPERA LORNA L'ESCRIBISTE* and many others. A must buy!

FANTASY FILM MEMORY #1 - \$8.00 Pierre Jouis, 2103, rue Victor Hugo, 94750 Maisons - ALFORT, France, 36 pages. First issue is devoted entirely to the film *CANNIBAL INDOLOCAUST*. There's a Ruggero Deodato biography along with a discussion of the film (all in English). Plenty of excellently produced stills and lobby cards from the film (12 pages in color). Highly recommended.

FATAL VISIONS #9 - \$5.00 Michael Helms, PO Box 133, North Cove, Victoria, Australia 3210. 32 pages. Includes an interview with Alejandro Jodorowsky along with reviews of *SANTA SANGRE*, *THE ADVENTURES OF PEPE CARRELLHO* (a very strange Spanish TV series) and a slew of H.R. films. A zine that keeps on improving (and it was already excellent in its issue age). Recommended.

HORROR PICTURES COLLECTION - MARIO BAVA BOOK II - \$4.00 Garet Noel, 90, rue Garin, 48000 Calviat France, 40 pages. A low star effort devoted to Mario Bava. Stills, posters and lobby cards from such Bava films as *THE EVIL EYE*, *KILL BABY KILL*, *BLACK SUNDAY*, *BLOOD AND BLACK LACE*, *WHAT PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES* and many others. Over 12 pages in color. Highly Recommended.

IMAGINATOR #6 - \$4.50 Ken Miller, Unit 1, Hawk House, Paragon Park, Gomers Road, High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, HP13 7DL, England. 38 pages. Glossy layout and professionally printed. *IMAGINATOR* features an excellent article on *THE MAD, MAD WORLD OF HONG KONG FILMS* plus reviews of 14 H.R. films. *ZOMBIE* and *DARIO ARGENTINO'S WORLD OF HORROR* are also reviewed. Recommended.

KILLBASTY #5 - \$3.00 Steve Pastore, PO Box 742, Station G, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4T 2M6. 44 pages. Reviews of *THE FANTOMAS* films, *THE CHURCH*, *INQUISITION*, *SACIST OF NOTRE DAME*,

ROTAS NEGRAS, *LATIGO DE CUERO*, *FURIA EN EL TROPICO*, *REYAHONE DES MORTE* and much more. Recommended.

PARACOSI #2 - \$2.50 Steve Pastore, see *KILLBASTY* address. 30 pages. A one devoted totally to Mexican Exploitation films. Filmographies on Federico Cuatrecasas and Rene Cardona Sr. along with over 20 film reviews. I love zines that cover uncultured film territory and *PARACOSI* does that in spades. Highly Recommended.

PSYCHOTRONIC #7 - \$3.00 Michael Weldon, 151 First Avenue, Dept. PE, New York, NY 10003. 46 pages. Highlight this issue is the Paul Naschy coverage. Lucio Ballo contributes the Naschy interview (disappointing in its brevity) and Michael Secola, the Naschy bibliography. Foreign films reviewed include Felch's *THE BLACK CAT* and Robert Oliver's *FRANKENSTEIN'S CASTLE OF FREAKS*. Recommended.

SAMHAIN #23 - \$3.00 John Gullidge, 19 Elm, Grove Road, Topsham, Exeter, Devon EX3 0EG, England. 48 pages. One of the best looking zines around, this issue features a Dana Argento interview and a review of *2 CIVIL EYES*. Recommended.

SPAGHETTI CINEMA #41 - \$5.00 Bill Connolly, 9825 Delmarque #4, Hollywood, CA 90028. 50 pages. This issue is devoted to films produced and released in the year 1988 (from all over the world, not just Italy and Spain). A definite change of pace issue (usually you'll find reviews and an interview or two) with lots of ads, stills and reprints from *UNITALIA* yearbooks. This one was critical to my Euro-conversion and all back issues are available (and a must to own). Highly Recommended.

TRASH COMPACTOR Vol. 2 #5 - \$5.00 Hal Kelly, 250 College Street, #108, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5T 1P5. 45 pages. This issue is devoted to John Ashely's film career. Of special interest to fans of *Filipino Horror* and *Exploitation* due to Ashely's extensive work there during the 70's. Author John Larnot does an excellent job on the man both with a career overview and interview. Recommended.

VIDEOCZ #1 - \$3.00 Robert Siegent, PO Box 9811, Alexandria, VA 22304. 28 pages. Excellent debut issue and one of the better designed zines around. There's a feature article on *Witch-hunting* in horror films, a non-profile on Rosalind Wiseman, plus reviews of *BURIED ALIVE*, *THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED*, *THE DEVIL'S FEMALE*, *LA BESTIA Y LA ESPADA MAGICA*, *SACIST OF NOTRE DAME* and many more. Recommended.



ANTONIO MARGHERITI

A COMPLETE FILMOGRAPHY

Born September 19, 1930 in Rome, Italy. Started career as screenplay writer, assistant director and special effects technician. Signed his first film as "Anthony Dawson", a literal translation of his name; potentially unflattering connotations of that pseudonym prompted him to change it to "Anthony Dawson". In the late 60s he added the middle initial "M.", presumably to avoid confusion with English actor Anthony Dawson.

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ANTONIO MARGHERITI FILMOGRAPHY

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ANTONIO MARGHERITI FILMOGRAPHY

Filmography as director (Italian release title in boldface, U.S. video distributor in *italics*)

(as "Anthony Dawson")

1950 SPACE MEN
US release title: **ASSIGNMENT — OUTER SPACE** (Sinner Cinema)
Italy (Ultra Film-Titanus)
Screenplay: Vassily Petrov
Photography: Marcello Mascolo. Music: J. K. Broady (?). Cast: Rik van Nutter, Gabrielle Ferrier, Archie Savage, Alain Dijon, Franco Fantasia
Science fiction adventure

(as "Anthony Dawson")

1961 IL PIANETA DEGLI UOMINI SPENTI
Export title: **THE ARRIVAL OF THE OUTSIDER**
US release title: **BATTLE OF THE WORLDS** (Goodtimes Video)
Released in 1978 as: **GUERRE PLANETARI**
Italy (Ultra Film-Scilla)
Screenplay: Vassily Petrov. Photography: Marcello Mascolo. Music: Mario Migliardi
Editor: Jorge Semelanga. Cast: Claude Rains, Maya Breil, Bill Carter, Umberto Orsini, Jacqueline Derval, Giuliano Gemma
Science fiction adventure

1962 LA FRECCIA D'ORO
Alternative title: **L'ARCIERE DELLE NALLI E UNE NOTTE**
Export title/US release title: **THE GOLDEN ARROW**
Italy (Titanus)
Screenplay: Bruno Vulet, Augusto Frassinetti, Filippo Samus, Giorgio Prosperi & Giorgio Arloto
Photography: Gilbert Pogany. Music: Mario Rascombene. Editor: Mario Sestrandi. Art director: Flavio Mogherini. Cast: Tab Hunter, Rossana Podestà, Umberto Molino, Giustino Durano, Dominique Boschero
Orchestral fantasy-adventure

1963 IL CROLLO DI ROMA
US release title: **THE FALL OF ROME**
Italy (Atlantica)
Screenplay: Antonio Margheriti, Gianni Astolfi & Mauro Mancini. Photography: Riccardo Pallottini. Music: Ritz Ortolani. Editor: Renzo Cinquini. Cast: Giancarlo Sbragia, Carl Möhner, Loredana Nusciak, Ida Galli (later "Evelyn Stewart"), Andrea Astarò, Maria Grazia Buccella
Historical adventure

LA DANZA MACABRA
French title: **DANSE MACABRE**
Production title: **TOPHORE**
US release title: **CASTLE OF BLOOD** (Sinner Cinema)
US TV title: **CASTLE OF TERROR**
Italy/France (Vizienta-Jolly Alibese-Lilo Lusi)
Co-directed by Sergio Corbucci (uncredited)
Screenplay: Jean Grimaud (Gianni Grimaldi) & Gordon Wilson Jr. (Sergio Corbucci)
Photography: Richard Kramar (Riccardo Pallottini). Music: Ritz Ortolani. Editor: Oel Loughlin (Otilio Colanagelli). Art director: Warner Scott (Otilio Scott). Cast: Barbara Steele, Georges Riviere, Margaret Robjohn, Saira Sorrento, Selva Randone
Horror drama

1964 ANTHAR L'INVINCIBILE
Alternative title: **IL MERCANTE DI SCHIAVE**
Italy (Antares)
Screenplay: Guido Malatesta & Antonio Margheriti, based on a story by Guido Malatesta. Photography: Alejandro Ulloa
Music: Georges Gnevanetz. Editor: Otilio Colanagelli. Cast: Rik Morris, Michelle Girardon, Mario Feldman, Ferraro Boldini
Mythological fantasy-adventure

IL PELO NEL MONDO
Export titles: **WEIRD, WICKED WORLD, WICKED WORLD**
US release title: **GO, GO, GO WORLD!** (Video Yesterday)
Italy (Atlantica)
Co-directed by Renato Mervi (Marco Vicario). Screenplay: Marco Vicario. Photography: Editor: Mario Morra. Art director: Francesco Longo. Narrator: Nico Rinaldi (original version), Stephen Carter (US version)
Exposé documentary

I LUNGH I CAPELLI DELLA MORTE
Export title/English title/US video title: **THE LONG HAIR OF DEATH** (Sinner Cinema)
Italy (Cinegray)
Screenplay: Robert Bahr (Bruno Vulet), based on a story by Julian Berry (Ernesto Gastaldi). Photography: Richard Thierry (Riccardo Pallottini). Music: Ennio (Carlo Rustichelli). Editor: Mark Staudemes (Mario Sestrandi). Art director: George Greenwood (Giorgio Centoni). Cast: Barbara Steele, Giorgio Ardone, Halina Zelenska, Robert Ralke, Lauren Nuyen (Laura Nucci), Jean Rullery (Giuliano Ruffelli)
Horror drama

LA VERGINE DI NORIMBERGA

ANTONIO MARGHERITI FILMOGRAPHY

Export title/US video title: **THE VIRGIN OF**

NUREMBERG (Panther Video)

US release title: **HORROR CASTLE**

US re-release title: **TERROR CASTLE**

British release title: **THE CASTLE OF TERROR**

Italy (Atlantica)

Screenplay: Anthony Dawson, Edmund T. Gréville,

Gastad Green (Ernesto Gastaldi), based on the

novel *The Virgin of Nuremberg* by Frank Bogart

(?) Photography: Richard Pallott (Riccardo

Palottini) Music: Rózsa Ottó (Lino) Editor: Angel Coly

(Orfeo Colangeli) Art director: Riccardo Dominici

Cast: Rossana Podestà, Georges Blouin,

Christopher Lee, Jim Dolan, Lucile St. Simon

Horror drama

URSUS, IL TERRORE DEI KIRGHISI

US TV title: **HERCULES, PRISONER OF EVIL**

(Sinister Cinema)

Italy (Adelphi-Anfibrosiana)

(Completed by Ruggero Deodato, Margheriti

reportedly left in mid-production).

Screenplay: Marcello Santarelli. Photography:

Gábor Pogány. Editor: Orfeo Colangeli. Art

director: Dick Donner (Riccardo Dominici). Cast:

Rag Park, Miriam Granelli, Ettore Manni, Fano

Mincione, Maria Teresa Omis.

Mythological fantasy-horror adventure

I GIGANTI DI ROMA

Italy/France (Devon/Radiux)

Screenplay: Ernesto Gastaldi & Luciano Maritano.

Photography: Fausto Zucconi. Music: Carlo

Rustichelli. Editor: Romano Forliti. Cast: Richard

Hanson, Wandrea Guida, Ettore Manni, Ralph

Hudson, Nicole Tessier.

Historical adventure

I CRIMINALI DELLA GALASSIA

US release title: **THE WILD, WILD PLANET**

Italy (Mercury)

Screenplay: Ivan Reimer & Renato Moretti.

Photography: Riccardo Palottini. Music: Angelo

Francesco Lavagnino. Editor: Orfeo Colangeli.

Art director: Piero Poletto. Cast: Tony Russell,

Uta Gassner, Franco Nero, Massimo Serato, Enzo

Fiammone, Carlo Gualini.

Science fiction adventure

I DIAFANDI VENGONO DA MARTE

Alternative title: **I DIAFANDI PORTANO LA**

MORTE

Export title: **THE DEADLY DIAFANDIDS**

US release title: **WAR OF THE PLANETS**

Italy (Mercury)

Screenplay: Ivan Reimer & Renato Moretti.

Photography: Riccardo Palottini. Music: Angelo

Francesco Lavagnino. Editor: Orfeo Colangeli.

Art director: Piero Poletto. Cast: Tony Russell,

Jane Faye (Lisa Gastoni), Franco Nero, Michel

Lemoult, Enzo Fiammone, Carlo Gualini, Uta St.

Science fiction adventure

MISSIONE PIANETA ERRANTE

Alternative title: **IL PIANETA ERRANTE**

British release title: **WAR BETWEEN THE**

PLANETS

US TV/video title: **PLANET ON THE PROWL**

(MonteVideo Video)

Italy (Mercury)

Screenplay: Ivan Reimer & Renato Moretti.

Photography: Riccardo Palottini. Music: Angelo

Francesco Lavagnino. Editor: Orfeo Colangeli. Art

director: Piero Poletto. Cast: Jack Stuart (Giacomo

Rossi-Stuart), Ornella Colli, Enzo Fiammone,

Halina Zaleska, Freddy Unger, Peter Martell.

Science fiction adventure

LA MORTE VIENE DAL PIANETA AYTIN

Alternative title: **I DIAVOLI DELLO SPAZIO**

Export title: **SNOW DEVILS**

Italy (Mercury)

Screenplay: Ivan Reimer & Renato Moretti.

Photography: Riccardo Palottini. Music: Angelo

Francesco Lavagnino. Editor: Orfeo Colangeli. Art

director: Piero Poletto. Cast: Jack Stuart (Giacomo

Rossi-Stuart), Ornella Colli, Renato Baldini, Enzo

Fiammone, Halina Zaleska, Freddy Unger.

Science fiction adventure

A TUTTA SPIDA AI KILLERS

British release title: **KILLERS ARE CHALLENGED**

Italy (Danti-Roma-Ragnà)

Screenplay: Julian Berry (Ernesto Gastaldi).

Photography: Richard Thierry (Riccardo Palottini).

Music: Carlo Savina. Editor: Jack Quintly (Renato

Cinquini). Art director: Dick Sanders (Riccardo

Dominici). Cast: Richard Harrison, Suey Andersen,

Wandrea Guida, Janina Reynaud, Masako.

Spy thriller/science fiction adventure

OPERAZIONE GOLDMAN

Spanish title: **OPERACION GOLDMAN**

US release title: **LIGHTNING BOLT** (Saturn Video)

Italy/Spain (Seven/Salazar)

Screenplay: Alfonso Balazarri & José Antonio de la

Loma. Photography: Riccardo Palottini. Music: Rózsa

Ottó (Lino). Editors: Juan Oliver & Orfeo Colangeli. Art

director: Juan Alberto Salas. Cast: Anthony Esley,

Wandrea Guida, Foko Lalla, Diana Lorys, Ursula

Parker, José María Caffarena.

Spy thriller/science fiction adventure

JOE, L'IMPLACABILI

Spanish title: **DINAMITE JOE**

Italy/Spain (Seven/Hispania)

Screenplay: María del Carmine Martínez.

1965

1968

1967

ANTONIO MARGHERITI FILMOGRAPHY

Photography: Manuel Minno Music: Carlo Savina. Editor: Oreste Colanageli. Cast: Rikvon Nutter, Halina Zaleska, Mercedes Castro, Renato Baldini, Berta Bani. Western

MUDE... SI MUORE

US release title: THE YOUNG, THE EVIL AND THE SAVAGE

US video title: SCHOOLGIRL KILLER (Air Video)

Italy (Super International)

Screenplay: Anthony Dawson & Franco Bottari, based on a story by Giovanni Sironelli

Photography: Fausto Zuccoli Music: Carlo Savina Editor: Oreste Colanageli. Art director: Antonio Varesi. Cast: Michael Pennini, Mark Damon, Eleonora Brown, Sally Smith, Alan Collins (Luciano Pigozzi), Silvia D'Amico. "Giallo" mystery thriller

1968

IO TI AMO

Italy (Gonessa)

Screenplay: Renato Polito, Italo Fecan & Antonio Margheriti. Photography: Riccardo Pallottini. Music: Angelo Francesco Lavagnino. Editor: Tommasina Tadocchi. Cast: Dalida, Alberto Sordi, Marina Quarinti, Gisa Disdani, Mirella Farnhill. Romantic fantasy

(As "Anthony M. Dawson")

JOKO, INVOCALO... E MUORI

US 16mm print title: VENGEANCE

Italy (Super International)

Screenplay: Antonio Margheriti & Renato Savino. Photography: Riccardo Pallottini. Music: Carlo Savina. Editor: Oreste Colanageli. Cast: Richard Harrison, Claudio Camaso, Sheryl Ross, Werner Pochat, Paolo Gaslini. Western

1968

CONTRONATURA

German title: SCHREIE IN DER NACHT

Export title: THE UNNATURALS

Italy/West Germany (Super International-E do/CCC)

Screenplay: Antonio Margheriti & Hannes Dahlberg. Photography: Riccardo Pallottini. Music: Carlo Savina. Editor: Oreste Colanageli. Art director: Fabrizio Frisard. Cast: Joachim Fuchsberger, Marlene Kich, Dominique Boschero, Claudio Camaso, Alan Collins. Horror drama

1970

E IO DISSE A CAINO...

Export title/US video title: AND GOD SAID TO

CAIN (Unicom Video)

Italy (DCI)

Screenplay: Giovanni Addesi & Antonio Margheriti

Photography: Luciano Tassari & Riccardo Pallottini. Music: Carlo Savina. Editor: Nello Nannuzzi. Cast: Klaus Kinski, Peter Carsten, Marco Michelangeli, Antonio Cantalera, Giulia Rubelli, Alan Collins. Western

L'INAFERRABILE, INVINCIBILE MISTER I

INVISIBLE

Spanish title: EL INVENCIBLE HOMBRE

INVISIBLE

German title: MISTER UNSICHTBAR

Export title/US video title: MR. SUPERINVISIBLE

(Sommar Entertainment)

Italy/Spain/West Germany (Edo/Dea/Carter)

Screenplay: Mary Ellen & Luis Marquina Pichot

Photography: Alejandro Ulloa. Music: Carlo Savina. Editor: Oreste Colanageli. Art directors: Adolfo Colito & Aurelio Crugnolo. Cast: Dean Jones, Gastone Moschin, Ingeborg Schiner, Roberto Camardiel, Peter Carsten, Alan Collins. Science fiction comedy

NELLA STRETTA MORSA DEL RAGNO

Alternative title: E VERNE L'ALSA... MA TINTA DI ROSSO

German title: DRACULA IM SCHLOSS DES SCHRECKENS

French titles: PRISONNIER DE L'ARMIGÉE;

EDGAR POE CHEZ LES MORTS

VIVANTS

Export title/US TV & video title: WEB OF THE

SPIDER (Sister Cinema)

Italy/West Germany/France (DCI/Terna/Paris Camera)

Screenplay: Bruno Corbucci & Giovanni Grimaldi

Photography: Sandro & Memo Mancori

Music: Rio Ottolani. Editor: Oreste Colanageli. Art

director: Ottavio Scotti. Cast: Anthony Franciosa, Michèle Mercier, Karin Field, Klaus Kinski, Peter Carsten, Irina Malenka, Raf Baldassarri

Horror drama (Remake of LA DANZA

MACABRA)

1972

FINALMENTE... LE MILLE E UNA NOTTE

Italy (Pini-Medusa)

Screenplay: Dino Verde & Antonio Margheriti

Photography: Sergio D'Ottizi. Music: Carlo

Saxine. Editor: Roberto Colanageli. Cast: Barbara

Bouchet, Femi Benussi, Barbara Mancano,

Emmevela Baroni, Pupo De Luca, Barbara Berti,

Annie Carol Edel.

Sex fantasy-comedy

NOVELLE GALEOTTE D'AMORE

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY



ANTONIO MARGHERITI FILMOGRAPHY

Production title: NOVELLE GALEOTTE
D'AMORE DEL DECAMERONE
Italy (Seven)
Screenplay: Luigi Russo & Antonio Margheri
Photography: Guglielmo Mancini. Music:
Alessandro Alessandroni. Editor: Oello Colangeli.
Cast: Alberto Assan, Marieno Rho, Luis La
Tone, Eva Maria Grubmüller, Annie Carol Edel
Sui comedy

LA MORTE NEGLI OCCHI DEL GATTO
German title: SIEBEN TOTEN IN DEN AUGEN
DER KATZE
Production title: CORRINGA
Export title/US video title: SEVEN DEAD IN THE
CAT'S EYES (Prism Video)
Italy/West Germany/France (Starkus-
Falcon/Roxy/Capitol)
Screenplay: Antonio Margheri & Giovanni
Simone, based on a novel by Peter Bryan
Photography: Carlo Carlini. Music: Ritz Ortolani.
Editor: Giorgio (Jorge) Semelanga. Cast: Jane
Burke, Hiram Keller, Anton Diffring, Françoise
Christopher, Doris Kunstmann
Venerando Venerandi, Dana Ghia
"Giallo" horror-mystery

1973 **MING, RAGAZZI!**
Italy (Champion)
Co-directed by Giovanni Simone. Screenplay:
Antonio Margheri & Gianni Simone, based
on a story by Luciano Vincenzani & Sergio Donati.
Photography: Luciano Traversi. Music: Carlo
Savina. Editor: Mario Morra. Cast: Tom Scott,
Fred Hays, Johna Mitchell, Chai Lee, George
Wang, Alan Collins
Action comedy

1974 **MARCHE IL LADRONE**
Italy (Champion)
Screenplay: Antonio Margheri & Gianni Simone.
Photography: Claudio Cirilo. Music: Carlo Savina.
Editor: Roberto Colangeli. Cast: Fred Hays,
Rosalba Girelli, Irene Rigano, Flavia
Colombetti, Franco Ressel, Ugo Fangareggi
Comedy

WHISKEY E FANTASMI
Italy/Spain (Champion/CIP)
Screenplay: Antonio Margheri, Gianni Simone &
Miguel de Echaz. Photography: Alejandro
Ulloa. Music: Paolo Vassile. Editor: Jorge
Semelanga. Cast: Tom Scott, Fred Hays,
Maribel Martín, Rafael Albacín, Ricardo Palacios.
Comedy

LÀ DOVE NON BATTE IL SOLE
Export title/British release title: BLOOD MONEY

US video title: THE STRANGER AND THE
GUNFIGHTER (RCA Columbia)
Italy/Spain (Champion/Midego)
Screenplay: Antonio Margheri & Giovanni Simone
Photography: Alejandro Ulloa. Music: Carlo Savina
Editor: Jorge Semelanga. Cast: Lee Van Cleef, La
Loth, Karen Yah, Patty Sheppard, Enka Blom,
Fern Benussi
Western comedy-adventure

**IL MOSTRO È IN TAVOLA... BARONE
FRANKSTEIN** (sic)
Production title: CARNE PER FRANKSTEIN
US release title: ANDY WARHOL'S
FRANKSTEIN (Video Gems)
British title/Alternative title: FLESH FOR
FRANKSTEIN
Italy/France/USA (Champion-IRS/Bryarston-
Warhol CCC/Yama & Rassen)
Directed by Paul Morrissey, Italian version
"supervised" by Anthony M. Dawson
Screenplay: Paul Morrissey & Andy Warhol (?)
Photography: Luigi Kuvelier. Music: Claudio
Gazzi. Editor: Franco Silvi. Art director: Enrico Job.
Cast: Udo Kier, Manque van Veen, Joe
D'Alessandro, Carla Mancini, Srdjan Zelenovic

**DRACULA CERCA SANGUE DI VERGINE E...
MORI DI SETE!**
Alternative release title: DRACULA VUOLE
VIVERE: CERCA SANGUE DI VERGINE!
Production title: SANGUE PER DRACULA
US release title: ANDY WARHOL'S DRACULA
(Video Gems)
British title/Alternative title: BLOOD FOR
DRACULA
Italy/France/USA (Champion-IRS/Bryarston-
Warhol CCC/Yama & Rassen)
Directed by Paul Morrissey, Italian version
"supervised" by Anthony M. Dawson
Screenplay: Paul Morrissey & Andy Warhol (?).
Photography: Luigi Kuvelier. Music: Claudio
Gazzi. Editor: Franco Silvi. Art director: Enrico Job.
Cast: Udo Kier, Maxine McKendry, Silvia Dorena,
Milena Vukotic, Vittorio De Sica, Roman Polanski
Horror comedy

1975 **LA PAROLA DI UN FUORILEGGE... È LEGGE!**
US title: TAKE A HARD RIDE (CBS-Fox Video)
Italy/USA (Barrison-Ludwig-Barcoletti)
Screenplay: Eric Beresford & Jerry Ludwig
Photography: Riccardo Pallottini. Music: Jerry
Goldsmith. Cast: Lee Van Cleef, Jim Brown, Fred
Williamson, Catherine Spaak, Jim Kelly, Barry
Sullivan, Harry Carey Jr., Dana Andrews
Western

CONTRORAPINA
US production title: THE RIP-OFF

ANTONIO MARGHERITI FILMOGRAPHY

- US TV title: THE SQUEEZE**
Italy/USA (Ditta: Centana/Marenco)
Screenplay: Simon Chitall/Giovanni Simonelli,
Mark Pinci & Paul Costello
Photography: Sergio D'Offizio Music: Paolo
Vassè Editor: Renato Sierbini Art director:
Francesco Bronzi Cast: Lee Van Cleef, Karen
Black, Edward Albert, Lionel
Stander, Robert Alda, Peter Carsten, Angelo
Infanti, Antonella Murgia
Crime action-adventure
- 1976** **CON LA RABBIA AGLI OCCHI**
Production title: GLI INDESIDERABILI
US TV & video title: DEATH RAGE (VideoAmerica)
Italy (S.I. International)
Screenplay: Guy Casali Photography: Sergio
D'Offizio Music/Guide de Angeli Editor:
Fina Novelli Cast: Yul Brynner, Barbara
Bouchet, Martin Balsani, Massimo Ranieri,
Giancarlo Sanga
Crime action-adventure
- 1979** **KILLER FISH — L'AGGUATO SUL FONDO**
Brazilian title: O PEIXE ASSASSINO
French title: L'INVASION DES PIRANHAS
Export title: TREASURE OF THE PIRANHA
US TV & video title: KILLER FISH (Vestron
Video)
Brazil/France/Italy (?) (Film de Brazil/Victoria)
Screenplay: Michael Rogers (Kenneth Ross),
based on a story by Mark Pinci & Giovanni
Simonelli Photography: Alberto Spagnoli Music:
Guido & Maurizio de Angeli Editor: Roberto
Sierbini Art director: Francesco Bronzi Cast:
Lee Majors, Karen Black, James Franciscus,
Margaux Hemingway, Marisa Berenson, Anthony
Sottili (Antonio de Tello)
Action-adventure
- APOCALYPSE DOMANI [sic]**
Alternative (correct Italian) spelling:
APOCALISSE DOMANI
Spanish title: VIRUS
Production titles: CANNIBAL APOCALISSE
(Italian); CANIBAL APOCALIPSIS
(Spanish)
Export titles: SAVAGE SLAUGHTERERS;
CANNIBALS IN THE STREETS;
SAVAGE APOCALYPSE, THE
SLAUGHTERERS; CANNIBALS IN THE
CITY; VIRUS
US video title: INVASION OF THE FLESH
HUNTERS (Vestron Video)
Italy/Spain (New Fata/José Frade)
Screenplay: José Luis Martínez Mola
Photography: Fernando Arbes Music:
Alessandro Sanzaletti Art director: Walter
- Petrarca Cast: John Saxon, Elisabeth Turner,
May Heatherly, Cirio de Carles, Tony King, John
Morgan
Science fiction/horror action-adventure
- L'ULTIMO CACCIATORE**
Production title: IL CACCIATORE 2
Export title/US video title: THE LAST HUNTER
(Lightning Video)
Alternative export title: HUNTER OF THE
APOCALYPSE
Italy (Flora-Geco)
Screenplay: Gianfranco Sacchetti, based on a story
by Gianfranco Couyoumdjian
Photography: Riccardo Pelliccioli Music: Franco
Micalizzi Editor: Alberto Mancini Art director:
Bartolomeo Scavici Cast: David Warbeck, Tina
Farrow, Tony King, Bobby Rhodes, John Steiner
War drama/action-adventure
- CAR CRASH**
Spanish title/US video title: CAR CRASH (Sany
Video)
Italy/Spain/Mexico (Scorpio /Hispania/América)
Screenplay: Massimo De Riso, based on a story by
Marco Tullio Giordana Photography: Hans
Burman Music: Mario & Gerry Capuano Editor:
Sergio Sansalone Cast: Joey Travolta, Ana
Obregón, Vittorio Mezzogiorno, Ricardo Palacios,
John Steiner, Salvatore Boggese
Action-adventure
- FUGA DALL'ARCIPELAGO MALEDETTO**
Export title/US video title: TIGER JOE (Vestron
Video)
Italy (Flora)
Screenplay: Tito Carpi, based on a story by
Gianfranco Couyoumdjian Photography: Riccardo
Pelliccioli Music: Carlo Savina Editor: Alberto
Mancini Cast: David Warbeck, Anne Bell, Tony
King, Alan Collins, Giancarlo Badessa
Action-adventure
- I CACCIATORI DEL COBRA D'ORO**
Export title/US video title: HUNTERS OF THE
GOLDEN COBRA (Lightning Video)
Italy/Philippines (Flora)
Screenplay: Tito Carpi, based on a story by
Gianfranco Couyoumdjian Photography: Sandro
Mancini Music: Carlo Savina Editor: Alberto
Mancini Cast: David Warbeck, John Steiner,
Almanta Susko, Alan Collins
Fantasy action-adventure
- IL MONDO DI YOR**
US release title: YOR — THE HUNTER FROM
THE FUTURE (RCA Columbia)

ANTONIO MARGHERITI FILMOGRAPHY

Italy/Turkey (RAM/Clement)

Screenplay: Anthony M. Davies, based on the novel (or comic strip?) *Yor, il Cacciatore* by Juan Zeno and Ray Collins. Photography: Marcello Mascochi. Music: Guido S. Maurizio de Angelis. Editors: Sergio Semelongo & Alberto Moriani. Cast: Rob Brown, Connie Cley, Alan Collins, John Steiner, Carole André. Fantasy/science fiction adventure

TORNADO

Export title/US video title: **TORNADO** (Lightning Video)

Italy (Gico)

Screenplay: Tio Ceppi, based on a story by Gianfranco Couyoumdjian. Photography: Sandro Mancori. Music: Aldo Tamborelli. Editor: Marcello Malvestro. Art director: Antonio Visone. Cast: Timothy Bent, Tony Marina, Alan Collins. War action-adventure

1984 **ARCOBALENO SELVAGGIO — WILD RAINBOW**

German title: **GEHEIMCODE WILDGÄNSE**

British release title/US video title: **CODENAME: WILDGEESE** (New World Video)

West Germany/Italy (Acad/Picco)

Screenplay: Tio Ceppi & Gianfranco Couyoumdjian, based on a story by Willy Bar. Photography: Peter Baumgartner. Music: Jan Merner. Cast: Lewis Collins, Lee Van Cleef, Klaus Kinski, Ernest Borgnine, Mimsy Farmer, Manfred Lehmann. War action-adventure

I SOPRAVVISUTI DELLA CITTÀ MORTA

Production title: **L'ARCA DEL DIO SOLE**

Export title/US video title: **THE ARK OF THE SUN GOD** (TWE Video)

Italy (Fiorini)

Screenplay: Giorgio Simonelli, based on a story by Giovanni Pasquini. Photography: Sandro Mancori. Music: Aldo Tamborelli. Editor: Alberto Moriani. Cast: David Warbeck, John Steiner, Alan Collins, Ricardo Palacios. Fantasy action-adventure

1985 **LA LEGGENDA DEL RUBINO MALESE**

Production title: **CAPTAIN YANKEE**

US video title: **JUNGLE RAIDERS** (MGM/UA Video)

Italy (L'Immagine-Cannon Italia)

Screenplay: Giovanni Simonelli. Photography: Guglielmo Mancori. Music: Cal Tzornina. Editor: Alberto Moriani. Art director: Walter Pedraza. Cast: Christopher Connolly, Lee Van Cleef, Marina Costa, Alan Collins, Nils Mårtens.

Fantasy action-adventure

COMMANDO LEOPARDO

German title: **KOMMANDO LEOPARD**

British release title: **COMMANDO LEOPARD**

West Germany/Italy (Acad/Prestige)

Screenplay: Ray Nelson (Giacomo Fara, based on a story by Tio Ceppi). Photography: Peter Baumgartner. Music: Goran Kuzminac & Ennio Moricone. Editor: Alberto Moriani. Art director: Elio Balisti. Cast: Lewis Collins, Klaus Kinski, Cristina Donadio, Manfred Lehmann, John Steiner, Hans Leutenegger.

War action-adventure

L'ISOLA DEL TESORO

German title/Export title: **SPACE PIRATES**

Production export title: **TREASURE ISLAND**

Italy/West Germany (RAI/Canale 5-TF1/Savaria)

Screenplay: Renato Castellani & Lucio di Caro, suggested by the novel *Treasure Island* by Robert L. Stevenson. Photography: Sandro Messina. Music: Gianfranco Pisento. Cast: Anthony Quinn, Ingo Mandl, Philippe Leroy, Klaus Liebsch, Ernest Borgnine, David Warbeck, Ulrich von Cossackitz. Science fiction adventure (feature-length version of TV miniseries)

[Italian title unavailable]

German title: **DER COMMANDER** (sic)

West Germany/Italy (Acad/Prestige)

Screenplay: Arne Elsholtz & Tio Ceppi.

Photography: Peter Baumgartner. Music: Eloy. Editor: Marie-Luise Buschke. Cast: Lewis Collins, Lee Van Cleef, Donald Pleasence, John Steiner, Manfred Lehmann, Brett Halsey.

War action-adventure

INDIO

US video title: **INDIO** (Media Home Entertainment)

Italy (Filmauro-RPA-Parastella)

Screenplay: Franco Buxton & Peter Gonzales.

Photography: Sergio D'Offizi. Music: Pino Donaggio. Editor: Claudio Gatti. Art director:

Giorgio Postiglione. Cast: Francesco Colmi,

Brian Dennehy, "Merveilleux" Martin Hagler.

Action-adventure

ALIEN DEGLI ABISSI

Italy (Gico-Dante National-VP International)

Screenplay: Tio Ceppi. Photography: Fausto

Marin Zucchi. Music: Andrea Rodotà. Editor:

Alberto Moriani. Art director: (uncredited). Cast:

Daniel Bosch, Julia McKay, Alan Collins, Robert

Paul Mann, Charles Napier.

Science fiction/horror adventure

ANTONIO MARGHERITI FILMOGRAPHY

Screenplay only:

1976 LO SCARDO

Some special effects credits (among many others):

1966 SPARA FORTE, PIÙ FORTE... NON CARISCO!
(US: SHOOT LOUD, LOUDER... I

DON'T UNDERSTAND) (Eduardo De Filippo)

1968 ...4...3...2...1 MORTE! (US: MISSION
STARDUST) (Primo Zeglio)

1971 GIÙ LA TESTA (US: A FISTFUL OF
DYNAMITE) (Sergio Leone)

Margheriti claims he was asked by Stanley Kubrick for technical advice during the production of 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

* Many respectable sources (such as the American Film Institute's Catalog of Feature Films 1961-1970) still mix up Margheriti and English actor Anthony Dawson.

An informative interview with Margheriti was published in Jean-Pierre Bouyxou's *La Science-Fiction au Cinéma* (@1972, Éditions 10-18, Paris).

All dates above indicate year of production, not of release. The precise order in which these movies were produced is open to question.



Researched and compiled by Craig
Ledbetter and Horácio Higuchi
Additions and corrections are
welcome and appreciated



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6/7/201

THE IMMORAL TALES OF WALERIAN BOROWCZYK

BY ERIK SULEV



Ever wonder how some filmmakers get financing for their bizarre visions? I don't mean the D'Annunzios, the Francos, or the Lenzes, I mean the ones who make films that are completely skewed in their imagery! One of the strangest European filmmakers still working has got to be the polish born Walerian Borowczyk. Best known to American horror audiences for his variation on the Jekyll and Hyde fable with Udo Kier (available here as **BLOODLUST**), his initial claim to fame was his Terry Gilliam styled animated films from the 50's and the 60's. We at ETC however, are concerned with his more questionable output (this is what sells magazines) from the 70's namely the two 1974 films **IMMORAL TALES** and **THE BEAST** respectively

towards the average audience, since the topics dealt with in them involve strange-sex with strange people. While the average ETC reader may appreciate it, your grandmother would probably cut you out of her will if she caught you with these in your VCR!

The first film, the accurately named **IMMORAL TALES** is an anthology film with four separate tales of unnatural lust. Despite the initial potential, this is the weaker of the two films. The first story is simply entitled "The Tide". A quote by Andre-Pierre De Mandiargues, the European author who is responsible for this "erotic classic" flashes on the screen before the story begins. Boasting "My cousin Julie was sixteen, I was twenty and because of that difference she obeyed me", we know right away that this raunchy twenty year old is up to no good! He and his cousin

These two "art-films" are definitely not geared

european trash cinema

make their way to the beach where they promptly get stranded on the rocks thanks to the high tide and his careful planning. Once out there he announces his intentions to "educate" her. The foreshadowing of what happens next occurred early on when he boasts of his games with Parisian hookers.

"Do they kiss?" asks the young girl.

"No, but they use their mouths," replies her manipulative cousin.

The following scene tries to be erotic as he explains the nature of the tides to her while she foliates him. The only result however, is a bad taste in the viewers' mouth (or is that a poor choice of words?) The whiny male announces that he has just done his duty of "educating her", as the first tale ends. Despite any lack of overt sadism or explicitness, there is a disconcerting theme of cruelty present. Whether or not Borowczyk meant this to be a subtle criticism of traditional attitudes is unknown, but the result is far from pleasurable. I know that the American priest I saw is missing 15 minutes of footage. The missing footage is most likely hardcore sex from this and the following stories.

The second tale is called "Theresa the Philosopher". An overt attack on the hypocrisy inherent in Christianity, the tale is based upon a supposedly true tale of "a pious young girl who was shamefully raped by a vagabond." Locked in a room for three days and nights by her brutalist Aunt Sally, young Theresa finds an old pornographic book entitled "Theresa the Philosopher". She is quickly drawn towards the explicit engravings that illustrate the book, and her religious and physical passions soon collide and combine. Masturbating with several cucumbers that were meant for her dinner, she cries out "I am coming to you sweet Jesus, my soul is open!" As each cucumber is broken by her desires (if you can't figure this out, then there's no hope), she is finally satisfied by a new type of religious frenzy. Escaping through a window, she runs through a field, and under the watchful eye of a cow, she is jumped by a grungy tramp. Another not-so-happy tale has come to an end. Less patient viewers may tire at this point, but it should be added that these are the two weakest tales of the film.

The third tale is the sinister "Countess Bathory". Starring as the title character is none other than the current popular designer Paloma Picasso, and yes they are related (father and daughter). Check out any issue of *Vogue* in the last few years to see the woman herself. For those few unfamiliar with the tale, there is little to add other than Bathory along with her page and soldiers, abduct a number of peasant girls from a Hungarian peasant town, clean them up in the showers, then slaughter them so that she can retain her youthful features by bathing in their blood. Everyone, including Ms. Picasso removes their clothing in this one, and although there is nothing graphic in terms of sex and violence (again there are polished cuts during an orgy sequence), the bathing scene is chilling. The image of the Countess covered in very thick red blood is a stunning shot that doesn't go away quickly. By far this

is the best episode.

The last tale "Lucretia Borgia" is easily the most perverse as it shatters as many taboos as possible. Anyone familiar with the Borgia legend knows the suncure of the beautiful Lucretia's incestuous relationship with both her brother Cesare and her father Pope Alexander VI. Before you can blink your eyes, the three of them are playing with more than just their rosary beads. Since ETC is a magazine that one should be proud to display to friends and relatives, there is no need to go into further details about the happy family's antics, other than devout Catholics will be choking on their "Hail Mary's" as the missionary position is quickly replaced by more inventive techniques. I shouldn't have to say it, but there must be cuts to this sequence. Despite the eyebrow raising content of this story, it is also the funniest of the four. One cannot help but laugh as the impotent Giovanni tries to avoid eating the Pope's cookies laced with the infamous Borgia "white powder". Needless to say, this is not for all tastes.

While the last two tales are the standouts, the first two hamper the film's effectiveness. While some may argue that the first two tales are necessary in order to convey the complete image of what is perceived to be "immoral" by our society, I found that their grimness conflicted with the more theatrical flair of the final two tales. This example of the European style of filmmaking however, is recommended to anyone who likes this sort of thing.

The second film **THE BEAST** is the better film of the two. Apparently, a sequence in the film was supposed to be the fifth immoral tale, but Borowczyk's fondness for the story allowed it to grow into its own feature. While not considered to be a sequel to the first film, the connection between the two is easily recognized. The original tape that I own is in Italian, and since my Italian is fair, some of the more subtle aspects may have been overlooked. Sorry lolol.

Borowczyk wastes no time in alienating any mainstream audience when he starts the film off with graphic footage of two horses mating. This is the real thing friends, so even in this age of realistic cannibal films, be forewarned! Set in the de Salo country estate, one quickly realizes that this is not the place for a summer vacation. Two brothers, the Marquis, and the Duke are awaiting the arrival of an American girl Lucy Broadhurst and her elder Aunt Virginia. Pierre the elder Marquis forces his wheelchair-bound Duke brother Remmaldelo to orchestrate a plot to relieve Lucy of a fortune left to her. The innocent Lucy arrives and promptly takes polaroids of the two horses mating, much to the disgust of her Aunt. Later, when she finds an old erotic book (much like the one in **IMMORAL TALES**), she masturbates over it. There must be something in the air because as time increases, Lucy finds herself masturbating more and more. One time she graphically copulates with a rose, sent to her by her husband. Watch those thorns Lucy!

By now you're realizing that you've seen the vegetable aspect of **THE BEAST**, where's the animal, namely the

beast himself? Not to worry folks, because Walerian doesn't let you down. The circulating legend deals with Romilda (Lucy's erotic book is about her and Serge Lane plays her during the flashbacks) and the de Balo household not only has the detailed book, but also, what may be the lace underwear owned by Romilda on display (what, no black velvet paintings?). As Lucy further works herself into sensual frenzy, the film drifts into the Romilda legend. I suspect that the Romilda footage was intended for the first film. Chasing an escaped lamb into the dark woods, Romilda soon runs into a hideous creature munching on the poor creature (more symbolism folks). Although some of his appetites have been sated, there is one more thing that the beast needs, so he smiles a sly grin at the terrified woman and gives chase. Although the beast (which looks like a cross between a bear and a wolf) is not state of the art special effects, Borowczyk has expertly directed these sequences, instantly captivating the viewer. Soon enough she loses her clothes, and tries to escape up a tree with little success. Nuzzling his nose in her crotch, the beast soon gets down to business.

Some may be offended by the fact that the young woman who has now lost her virginity (Borowczyk offers her blood-stained dress as proof), quickly enjoys what has happened to her and becomes the dominating half in this relationship. A scene of Romilda straddling the creature giving him the hard-job of his life has been snipped from the Italian print. I've seen a photo of the scene, so I know it exists, but I'm certain that ensuing cum-shot (yes, it's true, maybe your editor will be daring enough to print a

picture) was even a little too gross for Italian audiences. (The French language version, *LE BÊTE*, has appeared on video in the Netherlands - it is completely uncut and features all the graphic business Erik mentions - grossly effective folks - ED.) The beast dies, and the satisfied Romilda buries him with fallen leaves and makes her way back to the house. What does all this have to do with the rest of the movie, you ask? Good question. It seems that a certain individual is revealed to be the offspring of this bizarre coupling, complete with a spinal tail. Who is it? I don't want to give it away, but when you find out you're not surprised that he spent all his free time with the horny horses!

Often perverse, although with a current of black humour throughout, **THE BEAST** is truly a one-of-a-kind film. I don't know if everybody will be aroused by Borowczyk's sensibilities, but no one can deny the fact that he's different and proves it with his work. Sometimes slow, yet usually involving, the two films bridge an important gap between the art film and pure exploitation, an idea further expressed by Pasolini's outrageous swan song **SALO**. Borowczyk excels at twisting around popular tales and histories to suit his own vision. This style would surface again in the previously mentioned **BLOODLUST** (*DR. JEKYLL ET LES FEMMES*) as well as 1980's **LULU**, which again featured Udo Kier and dealt with Jack the Ripper. These, as well as **IMMORAL TALES** and **THE BEAST** are easily recommended to those with the taste and the stomach for decidedly different European trash treat. **IMMORAL TALES** was formerly available from **FORCE VIDEO**, but is currently discontinued.



IMMORAL TALES (1974)

BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL

AN INTERVIEW WITH RICCARDO FREDA



I VAMPIRI/THE DEVIL'S COMMANDMENT (1956)

This interview with Riccardo Freda first appeared in the second issue of the Italian language fanzine SPLAT in 1986. It was conducted by Giovanni Arduini and was translated by Max Della Mora.

GA: For some of your movies, have you ever been influenced American Horror movies from the 30's?

RF: No, there doesn't seem to be any influence. Also I don't like the term "horror." I much prefer that they be referred to as Thrillers. It was more like a personal challenge to the dominance of Anglo-American cinema. It was not only a challenge to their horror films but also to try and set a precedent for non-American cinematic experiences, such as the Epic film. I like to remember *TEODORA* because one American newspaper wrote that it might help dispel any illusions: the U.S. might have to monopolizing the world film market. Making *I VAMPIRI* (*THE DEVIL'S COMMANDMENT*) was a similar challenge. There was a widespread opinion that Italians were unable to make that type of film. The people at Titanus (Donati, Carpentieri and Lombardo) thought I was crazy when I proposed this "Poe" like film. They gave me 14 days to complete it and forced me to use a pseudonym (Robert Hampton) outside Italy. I remember when it premiered in Salerno, people left the lobby

immediately when they realized the director was Italian.

GA: You began the Italian horror cycle with *I VAMPIRI* in 1957. During that same year, Terence Fisher was directing his first Fantastic film. What elements do you think the two of you have in common?

RF: To tell you the truth, I never thought of him as an influence and I'm sure he felt the same way. We're both pseudo-artists whose brains brains sprouted ideas spontaneously.

GA: A phrase by Terence Fisher was, "If good exists, evil is always present. Evil anyway is always auto-destructive." What do you think?

RF: I think Fisher was an optimist. Personally, I'm convinced of the opposite. The one thing that always triumphs is evil. I'm for Satan, not the Holy Father.

GA: Is it true that the producers of *I VAMPIRI* re-edited the movie by adding the "police" part that was directed by Mario Bava?

RF: Yes. The first version, the one that was 100% mine was better because those additional scenes had nothing to do with the film I made. I didn't object to the changes because I don't consider movies to be art like sculpture and painting. For example, I preferred my ending, where

the girl, instead of being found in the trunk, was hung many feet above the ground. It created much stronger emotions than the present ending. I'm only sorry that Mario Bava was involved in the tempering.

GA: For **CALTIKI**, were you influenced by the American monster films of the fifties or were you trying to create something different?

RF: **CALTIKI** was created because I was trying to get Mario Bava to graduate from photography to direction. The film can be considered to be 70% by Bava and 30% by myself. I put the producers through Hell for two weeks so I was replaced (this happened to me many times) by Mario Bava. He completed the film by himself! He was a man of great intelligence and endless talent. He was especially good with the Thriller films.

GA: Couldn't the **CALTIKI** creature be influenced by the fantasies of H.P. Lovecraft?

RF: Do you know how the monster was made?

GA: With tripe.

RF: That's true! So all those big words you used should be discussed with Mario Bava's butcher. Bava no doubt saw the tripe and was inspired to create a deformed monster without any analogies to either the U.S. or Japanese ones.

GA: **L'OSSESSIONE CHE UCCIDE (FEAR)** is your lesser known Thriller. Can you discuss it?

RF: It was badly distributed and appeared in very few theatres. It's a pity because it received popular comments. This is quite rare because I'm always being ill-

treated by the critics. One noteworthy sequence was the ending. Unfortunately, because of the speed at which the movie was made (this is an innate characteristic of mine) **L'OSSESSIONE CHE UCCIDE** suffers from a lack of production values which is typical of Italian movies. For example, in the concert sequence I filled the room with only 5 people.

GA: What's your opinion of Italian Neo-realism and French Nouvelle Vague?

RF: They make me want to vomit! Thank God this phenomenon was replaced, if not by "Commedia All'italiana," then by the spectacular ones. Above them all are the films of Steven Spielberg, a man that still, to this day, is able to make people dream.

GA: Which is your favorite movie and which one do you consider your worst?

RF: At the moment I don't know. I'm most fond of **AQUILA NERA**, that was the most successful film ever made in Italy. The worst? There are many unfortunately. One is **GUARANY**, a comedy I was forced to do. Producers kept on refusing my projects, so to eat.

GA: Is there a possibility of a new film being added to your filmography?

RF: It is more likely I'll return as a producer and not as a director since other producers deemed my last idea unworthy of being produced. It was a "light" story, with animals, a fantasy work much like Walt Disney, if you will. Unfortunately nothing came of it.

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I VAMPIRI/THE DEVIL'S COMMANDMENT (1956)

SERGIO CORBUCCI

AND THE ITALIAN WESTERN

BY HORACIO HIGUCHI



european trash cinema

JACKSON: So, *Django*, you came here to pay, huh? Pity you can't even make the Sign of the Cross with those hands... Let us help you: In the name of the Father... (shoots)... the Son... (shoots)... and the Holy... (shoots) Spirit! (shoots)
DIANGO: Amen! (shoots Jackson dead)

— from *DIANGO* (1966)

The untimely passing of Sergio Corbucci last December 2, a few days short of his 63rd birthday, was a hard blow for all of us who like Italian movies, and for that matter good cinema. The consummate craftsman of quality entertainment suddenly succumbed to a heart failure after having just completed a TV movie entitled "Women in Arms", ending a career that spanned more than four decades. The recognition of Corbucci's talents by the mainstream press came only in recent years, through critical acclaim for comedies such as *GIALLO NAPOLETANO*, *IL CONTE TACCHIA* or *RIMINI RIMINI*. Nevertheless, for the cognoscenti his contributions to genre cinema in the series — particularly his Westerns — are certainly more significant and resounding than those later works.

Sergio Corbucci was born in Rome on December 8, 1927. He apparently became seriously interested in cinema during his school years: conflicting sources indicate he either dropped out of his Business and Commerce college program, or he switched careers just after graduation and started writing film reviews and essays. (An article in the French edition of *Varietè*, issue #4, mentions he was a reviewer for a magazine called *Stars and Stripes*. I wonder if this was in fact the well-known U.S. Army publication — perhaps an edition circulating among the post-war occupation forces?) By the end of the forties he would get good hands-on experience in the movie industry as an apprentice: he worked in this capacity for Neorealism auteurs like Rossellini and also for helmers of lowbrow programmes. His assistantship to Aldo Vergano may have influenced his future work; the latter's *I FUORI LEGGE* (literally, "The Outlaws", 1950) was a well-received treatment of Sicilian bandits, now considered a forerunner of Francesco Rosi's *SALVATORE GIULIANO* and its ridiculous remake, Michael Cimino's *THE SICILIAN*.

Corbucci's own directorial debut happened in 1951 with the melodramatic *SALVATE MIA FIGLIA* ("Save My Daughter"). Like many other Cinecittà journeyman of his generation, for the next ten years he would try his hand at whatever genre there was an audience for — from hard core dramas (*ACQUA AMARA* ["Bitter Waters"] was cited by German critics for being particularly violent) to Neapolitan tearjerkers and vehicles for the ever-popular comedian Totò. As the sixties began, he naturally got into the sword-and-sandal bodice-riper — and he well-calculated entries in this field managed to find theatrical release in the U.S.: *ROMOLO E REMO* (*QUEL OF THE TITANS*), with Steve Reeves and Gordon Scott slugging it out at each other as the very founders of the Eternal City, *IL FIGLIO DI SPARTACUS* (*THE SLAVE*), with Reeves as a Zoro-like Roman hero who also happens to be Spartacus's offspring, and the remarkable *MACISTE CONTRO IL VAMPIRO* (*GOLIATH AND THE VAMPIRES*). The latter title, officially signed by Giacomo Gentilomo but co-written (with Cucco Tessari) future helmer of many Giuliano Gemma movies) and co-directed by Corbucci, is a

genuinely eerie horror fantasy with less emphasis on the hero's brawn than on the measurable machinations of a somewhat/cheerier (the "vampire" of the title) and his army of zombies. While Mario Bava's and Vittorio Gassman's *Horror* adventures are generally considered the best of their kind, this Gentilomo-Corbucci joint effort has been unfairly overlooked: yet it is every bit as good as these — and as well-organized plot structure, excellent pace and Lovettian atmosphere are unmatchable. This *MACISTE* is a superior fantasy movie with a musclemen hero, not an iron-pumper aped with fantasy elements.

Corbucci also helped directing what is regarded as Anthony Dawson (Antonio Margherita's) masterpiece, the Gothic supernatural melodrama *DANZA MACABRA* (*CASCADE OF BLOOD*) — an oppressively dense, moody period ghost story with a suite of bizarre, depraved and sexually twisted characters: a trademark of Italian horror movies. His Totò comedies were big hits (especially *I DUE MARESCIALLI* ["The Two Marshalls"], set against the events around the collapse of the Fascist government on 8 September 1943), and he even had a chance to direct an all-star, big-budget production, *IL GIORNO PIÙ CORTO* ["The Shortest Day"] (a war comedy intended to cash in on the tale of the similarly star-ridden *THE LONGEST DAY* but centered on the First World War). *GIORNO* showcased that immensely popular duo of Sicilian vaudevillians, Franco Franchi & Ciccio Ingrassia¹, with whom Corbucci would make his movie movie — *I FIGLI DEL LEOPARDO* ["Sons of the Leopard"], a parody of Visconti's *THE LEOPARD* — before turning them to the hands of his brother and fellow director Bruno. In 1966 Corbucci made *L'UOMO CHE RIDE*, a fine adaptation of Victor Hugo's *The Man who Laughs*, his care for period settings, noticeable even in the cheap Visconti spoof mentioned above, was put to excellent advantage in this swashbuckler.

But Sergio Corbucci will be forever remembered for his Italian Westerns, a genre he helped shape and codify with his other two illustrious ramesakes, Lucio and Sallustio. Unfairly scorned by the mainstream critics, Italian Westerns were in fact a valid and special genre that after a hesitant, tentative start, soon took form and substance of its own. (The derogatory expression "spaghetti-Western" only reveals the ethnic prejudice and ignorance of the American press: would Hollywood dare call, for instance, *COUSINS* a "hamburger-movie", or the recent *BLIND FURY* an "apple pie-chicken"?). And much of the evolution of this genre is indebted to that Truismaster of the Sergio.

Corbucci's first involvement with Old West gunfighters happened as a co-director with Albert Band (Alfredo Antonini) in *MASSACRO AL GRANDE CANYON* (1963), a fairly conventional piece with James Macdon as Ringo helping farmers fight bandits. He signed it "Stanley Corbett" but for his next Western he went back to his real name, as there was no further need to disguise the Mediterranean origins of those peculiar shoot'em-ups with such an unusually high body count. *MINNESOTA CLAY*, made the following year, is a revenge tale like many others — wrongly paled gunfighter returns to settle things straight — but with the twist of having a blind hero who eventually takes advantage of his impairment and kills the villain in a shootout in a dark cellar. But the big break with the traditional Western came with *DIANGO* (1966), a classic whose impact and importance can only be properly evaluated in retrospect.

european trash cinema

DJANGO doesn't in fact reinvent the Italian Western as much as it turns the American Western formula upside down. This is no good guys vs. bad guys caper, and the hero doesn't wear pretty buckskins nor square-dance with his girl or ride a white horse. (Hell, he doesn't even ride a horse.) It is an incredibly violent, brutal movie with ruthless characters right and left, set not in an arid Monument Valley or Dodge City, but in a grim and grimy mud-stuck hole-in-the-wall little village that could well be Anytown, Third World — yet should be U.S. territory because after all, this is supposed to be a Western.² The title hero (Franco Nero, then an obscure minor actor) is a derelict Union war vet bent on vengeance against an ex-Confederate Klansman closeball who murdered his wife — and moved up in the process as Mexican federalist, bandit, racketeer, prostitute and an unscrupulous evangelist. People everywhere are tough and tough, filthy and graily all over, desperate characters trying to survive in a no-win situation. The scenery is accordingly harsh and inextinguishable, the predominant colors are gray and dark brown. Brutality here is a way of life: a woman is spared from being gang-whipped only to be almost burned in the stake by her "heavenly" corrupt officials from both sides of the border make dirty deals and exchange atrocities, a priest is forced to eat his own cut-off ear, the hero's hands are crushed beyond repair under stomping horses' hooves. Capping off this spectacle of sadism we have a masochistic hero who agonizingly manages to settle the score using his teeth to set his gun in firing position. There is no closing ride into the sunset because there is no sunset; this is just another chapter in a cycle of continuous, unflinching butchery and retribution that is the Conquest of the West *à la* Corbucci.

Of course, the limited scope of the action here — plot and characters are as compact as the small set — is mainly due to financial constraints: this is a cheap flick. But Corbucci made the best out of his meagre production values³, and pointed a way to fellow low-budget filmmakers who would otherwise feel impatient pondering over the higher road taken by Sergio Leone, thanks to megaproducer Alberto Grimaldi and a lucrative worldwide distribution deal. Corbucci paved the way for a kind of Western that, using local talent and shot in Italian language with no particular concern for lip-synching in English, could be snapped up inexpensively and exploited domestically at a good profit. An explosion of quickies in the same mold as **DJANGO** followed, all with downcast, ragged heroes in long capes and a predilection for mayhem — either Django himself (played by different actors for diverse studios), or someone else with a silly copycat name such as "Djundio" or "Cjantango". These were mostly mediocre vendetta melodramas transposed to the American West, but with a characteristic hotblooded, angry quality totally at odds with the traditional values espoused by the average Hollywood cowboy saga.

Although Corbucci's film was aimed at the domestic market, somehow it found international distribution, and its impact soon resounded throughout Continental Europe, South America and the Far East. (English-speaking audiences on both sides of the Atlantic had to wait a couple of decades more to get acquainted with a via video.) By 1968 it was an enormous hit everywhere, and a vocal version of the theme music (*Django, ho amore solo lei...*) made the charts on three continents. (No kidding: I've seen all kinds of echoes, from a Japanese comic strip parody with a coffin-dragging cat called "Njyango" to a Brazilian Western (!) with a hero named "Djagão".) While we

had to wait until 1987 for the real Django's comeback — in Nello Rossati's cancan semi-Western **DJANGO 2 - IL GRANDE RITORNO** — in the meantime there were some notable proofs that extended the seductive overtones of the original to incredible extremes (Dulio Gessà's **SE SEI VIVO SPARA DJANGO KILL**, 1967) and the hero's persona to the limits of the supernatural (Sergio Garrone's **DJANGO IL BASTARDO/THE STRANGER'S GUNDOWN**, 1970).

In the same year as **DJANGO** Corbucci made **JOHNNY GRC**, described by the international press as a not particularly remarkable Western — although French critic Alain Petit mentions a gruesome scene in it, a "well accomplished" shot of a head cracked open by an axe. Corbucci's following two Westerns enjoyed U.S. distribution, perhaps due to the presence of better-known Americans in the lead roles. **I CRUDELI/THE HELLBENDERS** is a suspenseful and tragic adventure with an excellent script starring Joseph Cotten as a mad Confederate officer who, following the debacle of General Lee's forces, massacres a Union detachment and steals a million dollar booty with which he hopes to make the South rise again. The rest of the story follows Cotten's misadventures in a long trek to his family ranch in the Midwest, with the booty (hidden inside a coffin) constantly switching hands as the rebel contingent faces Yankee troops, Mexican bandits and Indians. Again, this is no conventional yarn or morality play: all characters are doomed from the start. Cotten is in permanent conflict with his own sons (who are no paragons of virtue or sanity), men and women they find along are all selfish, conniving or dishonest. Photographed in lush blue and orange tones (it resembles a Mario Bava horror movie), and with an inspired score by Ennio Morricone, this is an underappreciated gem that at times looks like a Western version of *King Lear*.

With **NAYAJO JOE** (1967), Corbucci's left-wing political bent starts showing in his Westerns. The story (written by Ugo Pirro, later to co-script Elia Petri's devastating denunciation of power abuse, **INVESTIGATION OF A CITIZEN ABOVE SUSPICION**) centers on a Native American survivor (Burt Reynolds) of a massacre perpetrated by Caucasian outlaws; he revenge, though beneficial to the townspeople threatened by the villains, doesn't make him any more popular in the village he moves into. The hero then changes a dollar from every family in town for each outlaw he kills (hence the original production title, **UN DOLLARO A TESTA**) in a society life with prejudice; this is the only way to achieve respect. (Those jabs at American capitalism are also present in Leone's Westerns: Clint Eastwood's character counts bullets, not coppies.) Yet a more uncompromising, angry social comment would underline Corbucci's next work — in my opinion his absolute masterpiece — **IL GRANDE SILENZIO** (1968), once again scandalously ignored in the country.

IL GRANDE SILENZIO — the title itself has two levels of meaning. The Great Silence could be just that, Silence (the hero's name). The Great, or instead a bitter commentary on society's indifference to a blatantly unjust situation where the Law protects only the powerful. For this time bandits are the good guys, downtrodden simple folks who resort to crime in order to survive, while enforcers of the legal system represent the interests of the rich and oppressive. Silence (Jean-Louis Trintignant), the avenger whose vocal cords were permanently cut by an evil character now on the sheriff's side, joins the good outlaws in what proves to be a lost cause. In a shocking conclusion, the audience's expectations of sharing a vicarious victory of good over evil are brutally

stunted, the hero is slaughtered by the sheriff's posse (among whom a glowing Klaus Kinski at his most despicable) and injustice prevails. This is not the first time a *Corsucci* hero dies — Minnesota Clay also gave up his ghost at the end, but not before killing the villain. Here, however, Silence's death is the triumph of evil, and also a call for arms directed at the audience: the entertainment is over, the (political) fight goes on beyond the screen.

This is the supreme twist on the conventions of the traditional Western. Yes, the lawmen do defeat the outlaws as in any out-and-out, "authentic" Hollywood sagebrush saga — but the audience is meant to side with the criminals! Sure, cynics might argue that anti-authoritarianism was a trend of the times; witness, for instance, *BONNIE AND CLYDE*. But, contrary to Arthur Penn's overrated gangster melodrama, *SILENZIO* doesn't glamorize the outlaw as an "alternative lifestyle": the bandits here are refugees of an unfair society who would gladly lead a decent, "righteous" existence if they could. Also, as if yet another clue to a total break-up with the American Western was needed, *Corsucci* chooses a black woman (the gorgeous Yvonne McGill) as the heroine. The movie is further graced with absolutely sumptuous visuals, the extreme opposite of *BUANGO*: instead of the mud-soaked, nightmare world of the latter, we have a Western set entirely in a immaculately white, snowy environment. This beautiful backdrop accentuates the contrast between the well-to-do lawmen comfortably lounging away in a log cabin, and the dispossessed outlaws, freezing in their misery and first shown led by an ominous woman clad in black and holding a scythe.

The third generation of Italian Westerns, characterized by the exaltation of revolutionary values against the established power, was born. Curiously, sandwiching a throwback to the *Django*-like revenge story of *GLI SPECIALISTI/DROP THEM OR I'LL SHOOT* (1969), *Corsucci* refurbished Franco Nero as a Leonist-style greedy heavy hunter for both *IL MERCENARIO/THE MERCENARY* (1968) and *VAMOS A MATAR, COMPANEROS/COMPANEROS* (1970), with the novelty of making him a European (Polish in the former, Swedish in the latter) who inadvertently gets involved with, and ultimately helps, Mexican revolutionaries. This trend of having Europeans momentarily forgo their capidity and join forces with south-of-the-border insurgents may have been a reflection of many Continental intellectuals' explicit sympathy for Third World liberation movements in the late sixties. (And I'm not talking cop-out "revolutionary" in the Hollywood sense of, say, *VIVA ZAPATA* or *CHILI*.) The third, among great Sergio — Solina — went even further in the politicization of the genre by having the Mexican *padri* himself as the hero, with no European support: see his *LA RESA DEI CONTI/THE BIG GUNDOWN* or the extraordinary *FACCIA A FACCIA* (both 1967).

Corsucci made three other Westerns of sorts. *CHE C'ENTRIAMO NOI CON LA RIVOLUZIONE?* ("What the Hell Are We Doing in this Revolution?", 1972) is in fact a neo-Western comedy about a politically apathetic heavy actor (Vittorio Gassman) unwittingly caught in the middle of the Mexican Revolution; he snakes through it thanks to his talent for disguise, and ultimately gives his life for the rebel cause. This is not the sneering vision of heroism-as-a-demagogical-necessity of Jorge Luis Borges's *Theme of the Traitor and the Hero* (filmed by Bertolucci as *THE SPIDER'S STRATAGEM*), rather, it is a

case for heroes not being born, but religiously forged by the circumstances, as in the *Mad Max* movies. *LA BANDA J & S — CRONACA CRIMINALE DER FÜR WEST/SOHNY UND JESS* (1973) is a *Bonnie & Clyde*-type story, a decidedly lesser work hampered by some obtrusive comic relief to compensate for the violence and the *BUANGO*-like desolate scenery — though *Corsucci* peaches for the grotesque is present as ever in the form of Telly Savalas' sadistic blind sheriff. Indeed, bizarre elements are everywhere in his Westerns: *Django* dragging his coffin around was just the beginning, for soon we were to be treated with the sight of Jack Palance sacrificing his hand (he deliberately has his pet hawk eat it) to escape from being crushed in *COMPANEROS*, after having being killed in clown makeup in *THE MERCENARY*, of anachronistic hippies having a glass snake-in in *DROP THEM OR I'LL SHOOT*, or of Shakespeare's Richard III staring an upheaval in *CHE C'ENTRIAMO NOI*. The outlandishness reached metaphysical levels in *Corsucci*'s farewell to the genre, *IL BIANCO, IL GIALLO, IL NERO* ("The White One, the Yellow One, the Black One", 1974), a farce about the metemorphosis of a Japanese samurai (Cuban actor Tomás Milián) in the West. Here we find visual references to his early works, and even some lines in the script made out of titles of Italian Westerns! By the mid-70s, exhausted by the excessive knockabout slapstick of the "funny" spin-offs and with nowhere to go, the genre was dead — and *Corsucci* bowed out with the broad comedy, a far cry from his own past excursions in cruelty and social injustice.

Unlike most of his colleagues in the industry, *Corsucci* didn't reander through other films — he ventured only once in the secret agent thriller genre with *BERSAGLIO MOBILE/MOVING TARGET*, a spy adventure with Ty Hardin briefly released here in the early seventies — and went on to make comedies. He shot some vehicles for the Terence Hill/Bud Spencer duo and for popular entertainers Adriano Celentano and Renato Pozzetto, and then went upscale. In the last ten years of his career he worked for both television and the big screen, bringing about well-financed projects with mainstream appeal and the cream of the Italian star-system — Giuliana Sandrelli, Marcello Mastroianni, Monica Vitti, Giancarlo Giannini, Alberto Sordi, Laura Antonelli, Nino Manfredi, Sylva Koscina and the late, great Ugo Tognazzi. *Corsucci* probably got better coverage and reviews for his output in this later phase than ever before — but his professional ascension was a mixed blessing, for the B-movie industry lost one of its best directors.

It is snugly said that Einstein's greatness came early in his life, peaked with his formulation of the Theory of Special Relativity, and never again achieved the same heights in the following fifty years of his life. Outgroups as the reference may sound, it still remains true that a single significant contribution in his or her field of activity, in the small, inconsequential and perhaps irrelevant world of filmmaking, Sergio *Corsucci* will be remembered mainly for his Italian Westerns. The man who gave us *BUANGO* and *IL GRANDE SILENZIO* was a true pioneer, a trailblazer who helped transform a despised clone into a genuine genre with its own peculiar language, ideology and style. E per tutto questo vi siamo gratissimi, signor *Corsucci*!

[Special thanks to Michael Secuta for his kind assistance — and, indirectly, to Alain Pétit and François Joyeux.]

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1 These much-maligned comedians and their peculiar kind of crude burlesque, wordplay parody and regional humor deserve to be seriously re-evaluated in their proper context. What has been written about them in the English-language press is usually a passing reference in an article on Buster Keaton, Vincent Price or Mario Davi, and invariably a contemptuous dismissal scribbled by uninformed reviewers. Humor is often culture-dependent, and many American stalwarts of stand-up, radio, TV or film comedy aren't always found to be funny in other countries. Franco & Ciccio were no worse (or better) than, say, Abbott & Costello. (But I'd have them any day over Martin & Lewis.) The fact that they were brought out of retirement by the Taveri Brothers for a sketch in their *KABS* (1984) is further proof of their importance in Italian popular culture.

2 I think the "mythical" qualities of Italian Western heroes have been grossly exaggerated by hazy essayists, and Django is no exception. (The so-called Man With No Name, a moniker that by itself qualifies the character as instant myth, was just a clever invention by the publicity staff at United Artists

Leone's cynical bounty hunter actually had a name, Joe or Menzo ["One-Arm"]!) Django may be less of a cypher than Joe/Menzo — he at least has a past, and a more focused mission than collecting rewards for outlaws at large — but is hardly meant to represent anything archetypal. He walks into town in regalia: Myth garb and moves — mysterious, brooding, wearing a dark cape and dragging a coffin. Is he the Grim Reaper? Is he anticipating his own death, like *Moby Dick's* Queequeg? No, he's just a smart dude. Corbucci pulls the finicky Joseph Campbell carpet from underneath as Django, pragmatic as ever, produces a handy Gatling gun out of the sash to wipe out the opposition. So much for heavy symbolism.

3 Those members of Corbucci's crew deserve special mention: director of photography Enzo Barbieri, futurist "E. B. Glusker" and creator of the fourth generation of Italian Westerns with the "Tinto" series, set and costume designer Carlo (or Gaetano) Sini, who worked in most of the better genre entries, and assistant director Ruggero Deodato, later to reach the ultimate in no-holds-barred sadism with his cannibal movies of the 70s and 80s.



THE GRAND SILENCE

FILMOGRAPHY

All movies are Italian productions unless otherwise indicated
 Italian release titles given in **boldface**
 US video release companies quoted in *italics*

1951	SALVATE MIA FIGLIA		MASSACRO AL GRANDE CANYON Production title: PASCOLI ROSSI Directed by "Stanley Corbett", co-directed by Alben Sand (Ahmed Antonio)
1953	LA PECCATRICE DELL'ISOLA US release (?) title: THE ISLAND SINNER	1964	MINNESOTA CLAY (Italo-Hispano-French) Spanish title/US release title: MINNESOTA CLAY French title: L'HOMME DU MINNESOTA
1954	TERRA STRANIERA BARACCA E BURATTINI ACQUE AMARE	1965	I FIGLI DEL LEOPARDO L'UOMO CHE RIDE (Italo-French) French title: L'HOMME QUI RIT US release title: THE MAN WHO LAUGHS
1955	CAROVANA DI CANZONI SOGNO D'AMORE Alternative title in Neapolitan dialect: SUONNO D'AMMORE	1966	JOHNNY ORD DUANGO (Italo-Spanish) Spanish title/US video title: DUANGO (Magnus Video)
1956	SUPREMA CONFESSIONE (Italo-West German) German title: DIE GROSSE SUNDE Production title: NON C'È PACE PER CHI AMA	1967	I CRUDELI (Italo-Spanish) Spanish title: LOS DESAPREDADOS Export title: THE CRUEL ONES US release title: THE HELLBENDERS (Embassy Home Video)
1957	IL RAGAZZO DAL CUORE DI FANGO Alternative title: GIOVENTÙ DISPERATA A VENT'ANNI È SEMPRE FESTA		NAVAJO JOE (Italo-Spanish) Production title: UN DOLLARO A TESTA Spanish title: JOE, EL IMPLACABLE US release title: NAVAJO JOE (AEC Video) BERSAGLIO MOBILE US release title: MOVING TARGET
1959	I RAGAZZI DEI PAROLLI		
1960	CHI SI FERMA È PERDUTO		
1961	TOTÒ, PEPPINO E... LA DOLCE VITA I DUE MARESCIALLI ROMOLO E REMO US release title: DUEL OF THE TITANS (Sister Cinema) MACISTE CONTRO IL VAMPIRO US release title: GOLIATH AND THE VAMPIRES Co-directed by Giacomo Gentilomo	1968	IL GRANDE SILENZIO (Italo-French) French title: LE GRAND SILENCE Export title: THE GREAT SILENCE
1962	IL FIGLIO DI SPARTACUS Export title: SON OF SPARTACUS US release title: THE SLAVE LO SMMORATO DI COLLEONO IL GIORNO PIÙ CORTO		IL MERCENARIO (Italo-Spanish) Spanish title: SALARIO PARA MATAR Export title/British release title: A PROFESSIONAL GUN US release title: THE MERCENARY
1963	IL MONACO DI MONZA GLI ONOREVOLI LA DANZA MACABRA (Italo-French) French title: DANSE MACABRE Production title: TERROR US release title: CASTLE OF BLOOD (Sister Cinema) US TV title: CASTLE OF TERROR Directed by Anthony Dawson (Antonio Margheriti) Cottafuchi's directorial participation uncredited; co-authorship of screenplay signed "Gordon Wilson Jr."	1969	GLI SPECIALISTI (Italo-France-West German) French title: LE SPECIALISTE German title: FAHRT ZUR HOLLE, IHR HALUNKEN US TV (?) title: DROP THEM OR I'LL SHOOT
		1970	VAMOS A MATAR, COMPAÑEROS (Italo-Hispano-West German) Spanish title: LOS COMPAÑEROS German title: LASST UNS TÖTEN, COMPAÑEROS British release title/US TV title: COMPAÑEROS (Lectra Entertainment Fox Video)
		1971	ER PIÙ — STORIA D'AMORE E DI COLTELLO
		1972	CHE C'ENTRAMO NOI CON LA

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	1973	<p> LA BANDA J. & S. — CRONACA CRIMINALE DEL FAR WEST (Italo-Hispano-West German) German title: DIE ROTE SONNE DER RACHE US TV title: SONNY AND JED US video title: BANDERA BANDITS (TWE Video) </p>		<p> D'AMORE E DI VENDETTA Export title: ATROCIOUS ACTS OF LOVE AND REVENGE </p>
	1974	<p> IL BIANCO, IL GIALLO, IL NERO (Italo-Hispano-French) French title: LE BLANC, LE JAUNE ET LE NOIR US video title: SAMURAI (Lenture-Eremitan You Video) IL BESTIONE (Italo-French) French title: DEUX GRANDES QUEULES Production title: LES MALABARS </p>	1979	<p> POLIZIOTTO SUPERFUU Export title: SUPERSNOOPER British title/US TV title: SUPER FUZZ </p>
	1975	<p> DI CHE REGNO SEI? </p>	1980	<p> NON TI CONOSCO PIÙ, AMORE MI FACCIO LA BARCA </p>
	1976	<p> BLUFF — STORIA DI TRUFFE E DI INBROGLIONI Production title: IL GRANDE BLUFF US release (?) title: HIGH ROLLERS US video title: THE CON ARTISTS (VidAmerica) </p>	1981	<p> CHI TROVA UN AMICO, TROVA UN TESORO (Italo-American) US title: WHO FINDS A FRIEND FINDS A TREASURE </p>
		<p> IL SIGNORE ROBINSON — MOSTRUOSA STORIA D'AMORE E D'AVVENTURA Production title: ROBINSON CRUSOE — MOSTRUOSA STORIA D'AMORE E DI SOLITUDINE </p>	1982	<p> BELLO MIO, BELLEZZA MIA IL CONTE TACCHIA </p>
	1977	<p> TRE TIGRI CONTRO TRE TIGRI Co-directed by Sano (Santino Varvara) ECCO NOI PER ESEMPIO... </p>	1983	<p> SING SING QUESTO E QUELLO </p>
	1978	<p> PARI E DISPARI British release title: ODDS AND EVENS LA MAZZETTA Export title: THE PAYOFF GIALLO NAPOLETANO Production subtitle: ATTI ATROCISSIMI </p>	1984	<p> A TU PERTU </p>
			1985	<p> SONO UN FENOMENO PARANORMALE </p>
			1987	<p> RIMINI RIMINI ROSA DA RICCHI Alternative title: MONTE CARLO MONTE CARLO Production title: COSTA AZZURRA COSTA CARA </p>
			1988	<p> I GIORNI DEL COMMISSARIO AMBROSIO (Feature-length pilot for TV series) </p>
			1989	<p> NIGHT CLUB </p>
			1990	<p> (WOMEN IN ARMS) — TV </p>

Corrections and additions are welcome and appreciated

THE VIEW FROM TWIN SHORE

A BIASED LOOK AT EUROPEAN TRASH CINEMA
BY POMPANO JOE TORREZ



Recently, I received a letter from Kris Gilpin (who also reviews for this mag). He wrote: "I loved your piece in the first revamped ETC" (he's got good taste, ¿ai correcto bien?) "It really brought back memories," he continued, "I'm from Miami too. I spent many lovely years checking out the mostly soft core offerings of the Boulevard Drive-In and the Towne Theatre downtown. Both sites (as well as the Twin Shore Drive-In) are long gone now; sad, eh?" Eventually, I moved to Los Angeles..."

Well, I regret that I never knew Kris when he lived in Miami. I'm sure we would've been hanging out together at the Twin Shore Drive-In. As I mentioned in ETC's last issue, that's where I discovered the glory of European Trash Cinema. The old Twin Shore Drive-In. With a steady diet of sleazy horror pics, sexy soft core epics (and a few outrageous Kung Fu additives), the Twin Shore was my 42nd Street.

Today, the spirit of Twin Shore haunts my living room. The speaker posts are missing, but the spirit is there. Joe D'Amato and Lucio Fulci (and Argento, Deodato, Lenzi, et al) still mystify me. Only now it's through the magic of video tapes.

Here are four more views from the Twin Shore:

CAMPING DEL TERRORÉ

aka BODY COUNT

Directed by Ruggero Deodato

What a movie! This is the ultimate FRIDAY THE 13TH type slasher film, with a rare bonus: an intelligent script.

In the past, Deodato has demonstrated his ability to do great gore: take a look at CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST or the unedited CUT AND RUN (INFERNO A DIRETTA) for proven examples. But this time the excessive bloodletting serves more as a backdrop to the actual theme of the movie. The real story here (amazingly!) is about the Generation Gap or, specifically, the lack of communication between the older and the younger generations (ye-a-a-w-w-n, huh? Not Read on...)

Don't misunderstand, if you're looking for graphic killings, decapitations, guttings, brutal knifings, excoriation, or skewerings, this movie delivers. As I

said before, it's the ultimate slasher-ripe-camping-teenager-spart film. And it's suspenseful. Plus scary. But, unlike other movies of this ilk, there's more.

Now this is rather hard to explain. Bear with me for a moment. Okay? There are two completely independent and separate plots woven into this movie. And they never meet. It's kind of like real life. Here's what I mean: Let's say you're driving down the street in your car and you come to a stop light. While you're sitting there, another car pulls up next to you. You glance at the driver. For a brief moment, there's eye contact. A glimmer. Then the light changes, cars go, and you never see that person again.

That's what happens in this movie. There are two totally unrelated plots (one deals with the "thirtysomething" generation, a violent love triangle involving an unhappily married couple and a cop; the other is about teenagers being stalked and mutilated by a masked psycho). Except for the fact that both stories unfold at the same time, in the same place (a backwoods campsite), there's no interaction between the otherwise detached groups of people. They are totally indifferent to each other. And ironically, that indifference ends up killing them. Each group knows something that would help the other, something that would have kept the other from being brutally murdered.

Yes, Ruggero Deodato has created a perfect movie about the "Detached Decade" without being preachy. Or arty. Or dull. This is a one-of-a-kind experience, a thinking man's gore film. And to top it all off, there's an incredible cast of horror slizzle veterans including David Hess, Minnie Farmer, Charles Napier, and John Steiner. Muy bien.

KID, TERROR OF THE WEST

Directed by Tony Good (pseudonym for Tonino Ricci)

Tonino Ricci directed some bad Westerns (THE GREAT TREASURE HUNT and THREE SILVER DOLLARS), but this one was so terrible, so off-the-wall, that he tried to hide behind the Tony Good pseudonym.

Here's the story of two desperate cowboy killers with a price on their heads who decide to take refuge in a ghost town. But, surprise! It's not a ghost town at all!

This town is completely populated by children. Children who dress, talk, and act like adults. Well, perhaps more correctly: they dress, talk, and act like a pedophile's impression of children dressing, talking, and acting like

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adults. Actually, the girls all look like school-dancing whores, the boys try desperately to be like Clint Eastwood.

The movie is filled with moronic, tasteless gags. I.e., when the killers demand beer ("But we don't have any," the kids whine, "You better find us some," the killers threaten, "All we have is warm beer," the kids answer), the boys go behind the bar and piss into a pitcher! Funny. Right?

It's sort of the **BUGSY MALONE** motif gone haywire. It's enough to make Sergio Leone turn over in his grave.

ASPHALT WARRIORS

Directed by Sergio Gobbi

This is a very odd, sleazy entry from France dealing with gang violence and gang related crime. And also dealing with one cop's way of attacking the problem.

Falco, the police inspector, steals a drug shipment and gives it to The Judges, a Neo-Nazi gang of delinquents. There is one stipulation. He tells them that they must kill off all the other gangs in Paris (the Chinks, the Blackies, the Vets, the Arabs, the Fags. Whew, huh?).

Yes, it's a bloodbath, but it's a gang movie with **DIRTY HARRY** sentiment, too. Inspector Falco is a most peculiar, bigoted hero, with no noticeable scars for most people. For example: during a streetwalker bust, one of the girls cries, "Who is this guy?" and Falco answers by smacking her so hard that her wig flies and she bites her tongue off. In another scene, Falco (while on an undercover assignment) is trying to buy drugs from a homosexual pusher. "I said coke not cocks!" he yells, pulls out his gun and blows the dealer away. (Que grande pellicula!)

THE CHURCH

Directed by Michele Scaro

Produced and written by Dario Argento

Stylish. Atmospheric. Lush. Moody. Each of these words help to describe this stately release from Dario Argento and his new protégé, Michele (**STAGE FRIGHT**). Scaro. It looks real good. Kinda like those old Hammer films (with just a touch of Euro).

But unfortunately there are also some descriptive words that do not apply to this movie: Original. Fresh. Creative.

This film is yet another weary variation of Argento's **DEMON**-concept. This time people are trapped (inside a church, rather than in a theatre (**DEMONS 1**) or an apartment house (**DEMONS 2**)). But, the plot remains the same. Innocent people are trapped and they can't get out, but (of course) they must get out, but they can't get out 'cause if they do, they'll let the evil out too.

We've seen it all before. It's such a shame. Available from **SOUTHGATE ENTERTAINMENT**.

ODDS AND ENDS

(the stuff after the reviews)

MEAN MACHINE (1973) is a badly titled man-tries-to-get-even-with-the-mob film directed by Tullio Demicheli, starring Chris Mitchum, Barbara Bouchet and Arthur Kennedy. Recently I had the opportunity to see the uncut Euro version called **RICCO**. While it is true that the camera lingers longer on the gore scenes, the biggest (and most shocking) difference takes place when mob-boss Kennedy finds his wife in the midst of an adulterous affair.

In the American (Monterey Home Video) release, the action cuts from the discovery to a scene wherein Kennedy's henchmen dump the lover's body into a vat of acid. But in the original Euro version, we see the gangsters hold the lover, spreadeagle, on the bed and (in graphic detail) Kennedy reaches, grabs the man's genitals and slices everything off. After that, he force-feeds it all to the screaming victim. Then the body is dumped into the acid.

Just thought you might like to know. ¿Tu puedes creer estos?

There seems to be some talk about one of my reviews from the last issue of ETC. Some disparaging talk. Like maybe I fabricated, like maybe I lied about the existence of a certain film called **JOURNEY TO AN UNKNOWN WORLD**. Well, for you unbelieving trouble makers (you know who you are) there really is a movie that mixes mondo footage with children's animation, flying saucers, cannibal tribes in the Amazon, killer robots, and hallucinatory drugs. It truly does exist! And to prove it, here's a reproduction of the wipo-box art work. See next page.

CLASSIFIED

WEY DON'T GIRLE SUBSCRIBE TO ETCY
CHAG LEDBETTER, THE EDITOR OF THIS
RAG CONFIDED TO ME THAT HE DOESN'T
HAVE ONE FEMALE SUBSCRIBER (CAN YOU
IMAGINE?). NOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH
THIS PICTURE? IF YOU ARE A BRAVU-
FUL (KEY WORD) GIRL AND YOU'RE READ-
ING THIS, STOP! TAKE A MINUTE AND
BE THE FIRST ONE TO SUBSCRIBE. IF
YOU ACT TODAY, YOU COULD (ANOTHER
KEY WORD) WIN A DATE WITH MR (OR
GOY) POMPAND JOW. I'LL TAKE YOU TO
THE OLD SITE OF TWIN SHORE DRIVE-IN.
WHAT A NIGHT THAT WOULD BE! ¿SI,
FANTASTICO?



a visit to eurocine

BY DONALD FARMER

Walking down the Avenue Des Champs-Élysées in Paris, at one end and the massive Arc De Triumphe looks down on the busy commercial district: from the opposite end you can barely see the Grand Palais gallery and the "obélisque" which marks the spot of dozens of beheadings during the French Revolution some 200 years ago. But somewhere in between the casual visitor might overlook an attraction of considerably more interest to the readers of ETC - the offices of Eurocine (France's leading supplier of horror and exploitation films) a company which only recently has begun a campaign of upgrading its image with the production of more "upscale" product like **FALL OF THE EAGLES** with Mark Hamill and Christopher Lee or **ESMERALDA BAY** with George Kennedy and Charles Sheen's lesser known sibling, Ramon Sheen.

For most of us, indeed, the name Eurocine is more associated with those frugally financed Wizard Video releases like **EROTIKILL**, **ZOMBIE LAKE**, and **THE INVISIBLE DEAD**. And the inevitable common denominator of most Eurocine fare is the name Jess Franco: an association with the company's father and son Marius and Daniel Lescaur which goes back to Franco's classic **AWFUL DR. ORLOFF**, which was produced by Marius. Thirty years later, you'll find Marius Lescaur's "Executive Producer" credit on the just-completed **FALL OF THE EAGLES**, with son Daniel listed as "Producer" and director Franco assuming various jobs under his aliases - "Screenplay by A.M. Frank" ... Edited by J.P. Johnson" (A.M. Frank is also used by Lescaur - ED).

I'm in Paris for a few days in early December and have stopped by the Eurocine offices to pick up publicity materials on **FALL OF THE EAGLES**, but can hardly resist the chance for a few moments with Daniel Lescaur. Stepping inside the huge office plaza which houses Eurocine, I find their offices on the fourth floor (right next to The French Valley headquarters), but can hardly believe the cramped spaces the company operates from. The reception area serves as one end as a makeshift storage closet, with cans of 35mm film stacked to the ceiling and folded posters and press kits stuffed here and there in between. Displayed on the walls are posters for some of the company's less memorable efforts - the Sybil Danning cheapie **PANTHER SQUAD**, something called **CHEWING GUM AND SPAGHETTI** and a curiously titled action film called **CHASING BARBARA** with a cast list boasting Jean Rollin.

After our introductions have been made, I can't resist asking Lescaur "Is that Jean Rollin the director?"

"Oh yes," Lescaur replies. "He's a good friend of ours but hasn't directed for some time. You know, he did **ZOMBIE LAKE** for us."

Of course, who could forget **ZOMBIE LAKE**. That's the picture even Franco turned down and which Rollin reportedly accepted with only three or four days of preproduction. Looking over Lescaur's shoulder, into the small office of his assistant, I spot some poster art for Franco's **GOLDEN TEMPLE AMAZONS**. "That one's still available for America, if you know anyone who's interested," Lescaur says.

Daniel Lescaur's own office is the only room at Eurocine to which the word "spacious" might apply. On one side, the wall is filled by huge posters for their newest Franco collaboration, a **FALL OF THE EAGLES** design which closely matches the presell art

Lescaur gave me, plus an earlier pre-production design under the film's original title **WAR SONG**. On the opposite wall behind Lescaur's desk is a tempting assortment of videotapes - I spot a cassette for **THE AWFUL DR. ORLOFF** under its French title **L'HORRIBLE DR. ORLOFF** along with other Franco rarities: but I resist the urge to ask Lescaur to put one on his VCR while we talk - he already been handed a dozen or so color stills and assorted press sheets and don't want to push my luck. I mention to Lescaur that one of his employees arranged my Fangoria interview with Franco during the '89 Cannes Film Festival, but Lescaur doesn't read Fangoria so I promise to mail him a copy. Noting that my old phone number for Franco now gives one of these "disconnected" recordings, I quickly find out that the producer of Jess Franco's last three movies has as more clue to the director's current whereabouts than I do.

"He does the from time to time - just disappears, maybe for years at a time without a word. Then one day he pops up and wants to know if we can work together again. The last time was the early 80s when he went off to Spain (ETC readers doubtless know this period produced hispanic sexploits like **MACUMBA**, **SEXUAL**, **EROTISMO**, and **MIL SEXOS TIENE LA NOCHE**). I'm sure he'll be back, but at the moment we're not in communication."

The strained look Lescaur gives me after a few more Franco questions lets me know this is NOT his favorite topic of conversation. Lescaur would much rather talk about Ramon Sheen, an actor Eurocine is boosting through **FALL OF THE EAGLES** and **ESMERALDA BAY**. "I think he could be as big as his brothers," Lescaur enthuses, a remark which echoes a similar prediction Franco made the previous year. Of course, Lescaur is also proud to have Mark Hamill in his new film, and he seems especially pleased with the line-up in Eurocine's upcoming **MANIA** - the threesome of Robert Ginty, Chuck Connors and Bo Svenson. Franco didn't direct this one, but close inspection of the poster's credit list reveals "Executive Producer A.M. Frank." Where have we seen THAT name before?

Lescaur has no screening cassettes of **MANIA** or **FALL OF THE EAGLES** available, so ETC readers can only guess how these two turned out. But when I tell Lescaur I enjoyed **DARK MISSION** considerably more than **ESMERALDA BAY**, the Eurocine head snders back, "But **ESMERALDA BAY** is a very good picture. It hasn't sold to America as **DARK MISSION** has, but I'm not happy with the sale of that picture." **DARK MISSION**, I seem to recall, came out through Media Home Entertainment for its U.S. release, but Lescaur (who does all contract negotiations for Eurocine himself) says he never sold to Media. "I sold **DARK MISSION** to Roger Corman - it was a flat amount for all U.S. rights. Corman then sold the film to Media, but I'm not happy at all with that deal." Lescaur doesn't volunteer specifics regarding his problem with the Corman deal, but it seems to me that any U.S. video release is better than nothing - the fate shared by **ESMERALDA BAY**, **GOLDEN TEMPLE AMAZONS** and dozens of other Eurocine product.

Anyway, time's up. Lescaur needs to get back to work. I want to head down the street to squeeze in a couple more movies before my flight home the following day. Considering the 15 some years I took for Eurocine's **EROTIKILL** (**LOVES OF IRINA**) to find a U.S. distributor (on video no less) I hope we at least aren't looking at that kind of wait before the newest group of Eurocine productions appears stateside.

A DANIEL LESOEUR PRESENTATION

CHRISTOPHER LEE RAMON SHEEN
and
MARK HAMILL

FALL OF THE EAGLES



CASTING BY ALEXANDRA ENLICH
... CHRISTOPHER LEE • RAMON SHEEN • MARK HAMILL
... HARRISON GRIMM • CAROLE KEEFER ... DANIEL J. WHITE ... J.P. JOHNSON ... JILL BARBERA
... AL BOYD ... A.M. FRANK ... A.M. FRANK ... DAVID RHINE ... JESS FRANCO, GEORGE FREEDLAND
... ILANA KUNESWA ... DANIEL LESOEUR ... DANIEL LESOEUR ... JESS FRANCO

LAURA GEMSER



THE CONTROVERSY CONTINUES...SEE PAGE 4